THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVI No. 1773 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JAN. 13 1934

To Stop Colds TAKE - Genasprin THE SAFE BRAND

McCallum's *Perfection* Scots Whisky "SCOTLAND'S BEST"

SAFE FOR DYSPEPTICS THE DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

Important.—Sold **only** in sealed packets. Priced at **2/8, 3/2, 3/10** and **4/4** per lb.
Harden Bros. & Lindsay, Ld., 30/34, Mincing Lane, E.C.3

CVS-118

BOLS CURAÇAO AN AFTER-LUNCH LIQUEUR

Founded in Amsterdam 1575

Others of the famous Liqueurs made in Amsterdam for more than 357 years.

KÜMMEL—always with your coffee.
BOLS BLANC—for your cocktail.
CREME DE MENTHE—aids digestion.
CHERRY BRANDY—warming.
MARASCHINO—on your grape fruit.
V. O. GENEVA (HOLLANDS)—one glass a day.

BY HOST- BY GUESTS BY ALL PREFERRED GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

A NEW YEAR MESSAGE TO THE DEAF

NEW DISCOVERY BRINGS AMAZING RESULTS!

The world was never so "sound-minded" as to-day—with Radio, Telephones, Talkies, Gramophones. Make 1934 a Hearing Year, and start on a par with those with normal ears. Thousands have overcome their handicap with the new **ACOUDETTE "ARDENTE."**
Middle Ear (Catarrh), Nerve (Head Noises), Slightly (hard-of-hearing) or Very (so-called "Stone") Deaf in young or old, and even cases hitherto regarded as hopeless now benefiting.
No matter what you have tried—with whatever result—you will greet this marvellous super-sound, **tone-sense-renewing** method as the find of your life and its joy for indoor and outdoor.

FOR DEAF EARS' NEEDS "ARDENTE" LEADS

CALL OR WRITE FOR FREE TEST

Mr R. H. Dent's Ardente for Deaf Ears — THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEARING SERVICE

(Suite 24)
309, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1
(Opp. D. H. Evans' Clock)
'Phones: Mayfair 1380/1718
Service Bureaux throughout the country.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by Sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from **4 Gns.**

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, GRAFTON ST., BOND ST., LONDON, W. 1

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head

●

First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief and breathe the germicidal vapour.

●

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V206

Sale Now on at Woollands

AN.114.—Leather **Knitting Carrier,** lined and furnished with needles. Colours: black, red, blue, green, and brown.
Sale Price, each **5/11**

LA.351.—Chic metal **Cape,** in soft becoming shades. New cartridge edging. *Usual Price, 45/9*
Sale Price 29/6

GLOVE BARGAIN

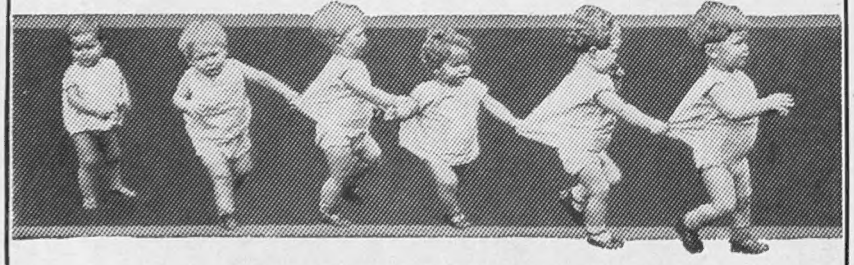
G.56.—Useful English-made **Cape Gloves** in dark brown and slate.
Reduced to 5/6

Also strong **Degrain** in same colour. *Usual Price, 7/11*
Sale Price 5/11

LA.355.—Becoming little velvet **Capelet,** in all smart colourings and black. *Usual Price, 21/9*
Sale Price 15/9

Woolland Bros. Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1

A New Year's Resolution!
"I will Help a Little Child to Happiness"

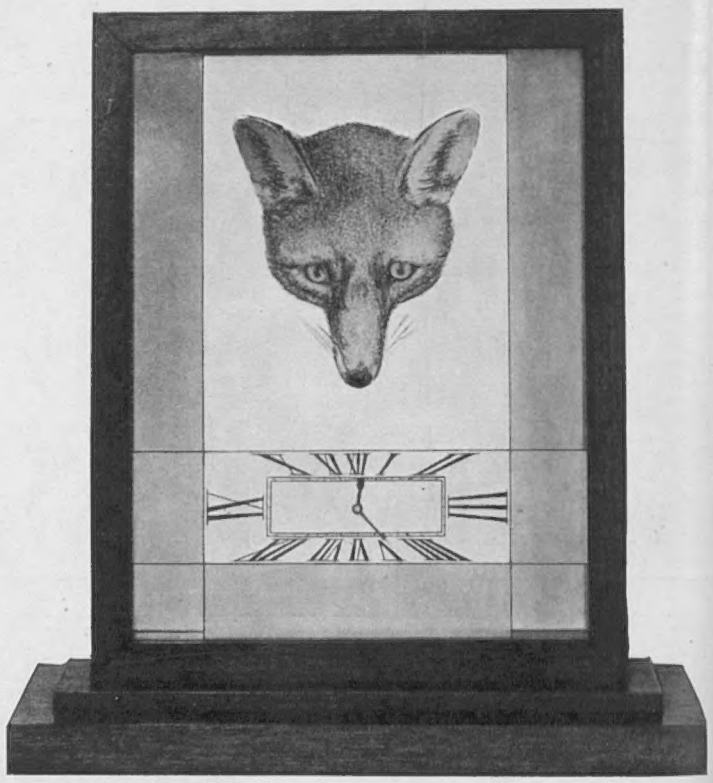


WILL YOU SEND 2/6 TO HELP OUR FOOD FUND to the Secretary (E 2)

4,550 CHILDREN IN OUR CARE

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY
KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.11

37,000 CHILDREN RESCUED



CLOCKS FOR SPORTSMEN

The **"Reynard the Fox" Clock,** hand-engraved on brass, after a painting by Philip Reinagle, R.A. (1749–1833). In polished antique mahogany frame, 12¼ ins. high. Price **£15.15.0**

Particulars of Clocks, Bronzes and other exclusive Gifts for Sportsmen will be sent on application.

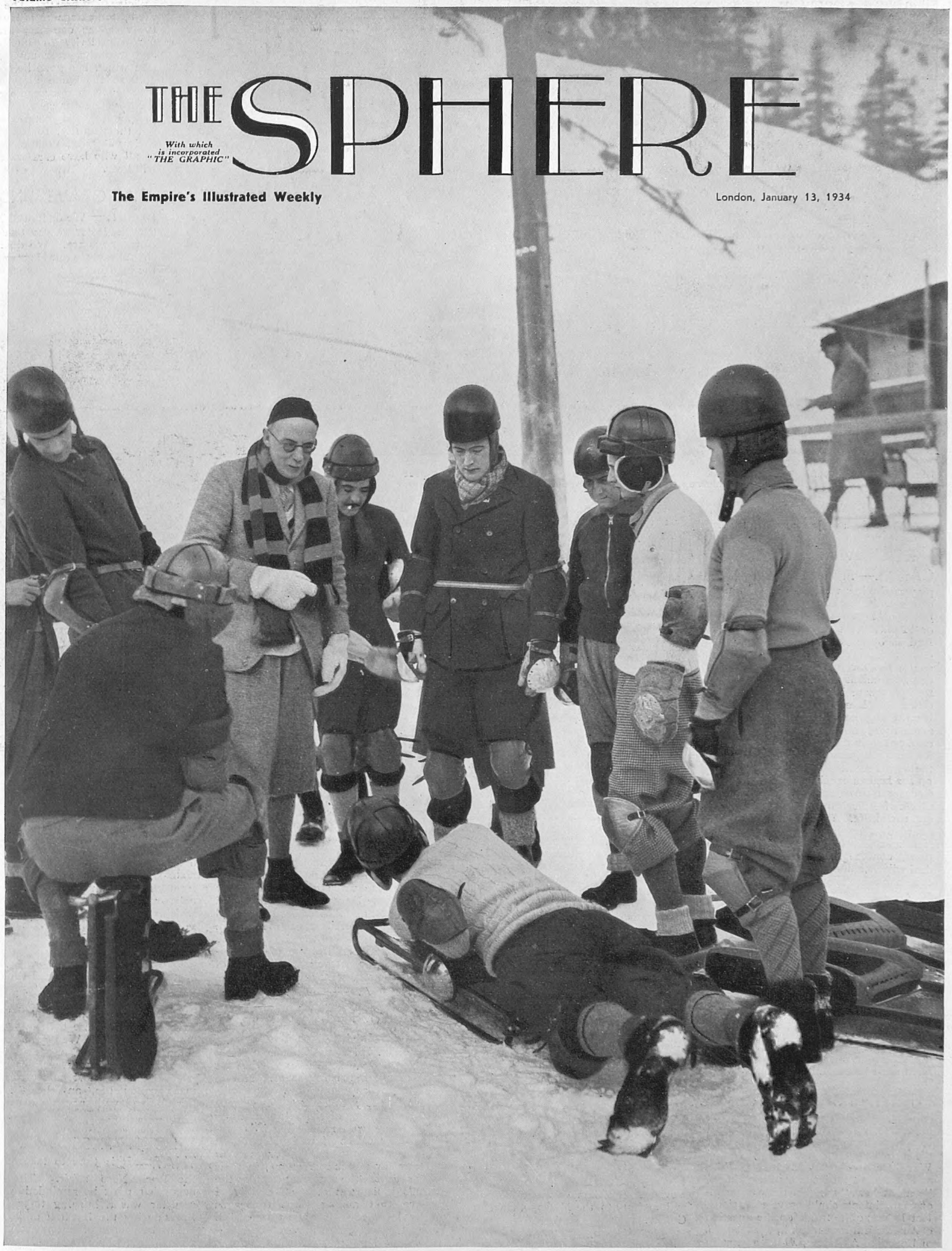
THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, LONDON, W.1

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 13, 1934



THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE

Crash-protected Sportsmen Learning the Art of Lugeing at St. Moritz, where the Winter Sports Season is Now at its Height

St. Moritz, the most cosmopolitan of Switzerland's winter resorts, is as crowded as ever this season, and from all accounts there appear to be many more beginners than in previous years. The snowfall has been highly satisfactory, and ski-ing and tobogganing enthusiasts are enjoying their sport in ideal conditions. In this picture Major Oliver (in spectacles), the well-known secretary of the Cresta Run, is seen imparting some sound advice on the proper way to negotiate the famous 1,300-yard course. It will be seen that these novices are well protected with crash helmets and armour-plated gloves in case of a mishap during the descent. The Cresta, which starts at the Kulm Hotel, was built in 1884 and is probably the severest and most thrilling run in the world. Expert riders are able to do well over 50 m.p.h.

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

IN THE LIMELIGHT: The exterior of Burlington House, which was floodlit for the first time when the Exhibition of British Art opened last week

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 10, 1934.

ROOSEVELT SHOWS HIS CARDS.—In informal bridge a player who has realized the certainties of a new deal sometimes lays down his hand. "I must get the rest," says he; or "I must make all but the odd trump." And his opponents accept or dispute his contention. We must not carry the simile too far in Mr. Roosevelt's new deal. Frank as at first sight he appeared to have been, he did not, in fact, lay down his hand. His new deal has been going on and going strong for some time, and he certainly exposed a card or two in a justifiable access of confidence. Some weeks ago I prophesied that the President was not out to patch up the broken machinery, but to reconstruct on new foundations the whole fabric of American political, economic, and social life. His speeches last week, guarded though they were and as significant for omissions as for revelations, confirm that theory. The new deal will be a long deal. The business code has come to stay. The trumps are no *ad hoc* declaration. If Roosevelt can silence opposition and remain long enough in power he means to sweep away for ever the worst features of the bad old economic system. Waste of natural resources, exploitation of consumers by monopolies, exploitation of labour, unchecked speculation by financial houses with clients' balances, the accumulation of "frozen" surpluses, the blind "armament competition" in uneconomic industrial plant. These evils he will, if he is spared, kill and not scotch. American business henceforth must be permanently controlled.

FIRST TRICKS.—He was more delphic, being on less sure ground, on his currency and exchange experiments. His views remain much as they were when he blew out the brains of the World Economic Conference last July, and he blamed Europe for venturing to "wait and see" whether these tremendous experiments could prove efficacious. But he was quite frank on the question of American intervention in the troubles of Europe. America will take part in no political arrangements in Europe which do not aim at immediate reduction in armaments and the lowering of tariff barriers. Of war debts there was not a word said. The *status quo* is concrete and immovable. But in claiming results from the N.I.R.A., in its immediate and domestic aspect, the President exposed his cards freely: millions of unemployed restored to work, child labour abolished, standards of hours and wages made uniform, monopolies restrained, profits controlled to reasonable dimensions to ensure a fair deal between employer and employed. A bumper harvest. And the President's reception seemed to suggest that Roosevelt's methods and Roosevelt's presidency are alike firmly entrenched, despite the appalling costs of his experiments.

FOUR MORE BY-ELECTIONS. — Death, the New Year Honours, and the filling of metropolitan magistrate vacancies cause four more by-elections since Christmas. Cambridge and Portsmouth (North) are vacated by two new peers, Lowestoft by Sir G. Rentoul's appointment to succeed Mr. Cairns, and Mr. Cowan's death leaves a vacant seat for Scottish Universities. Early in 1932 no one dreamed that Sir Gervais Rentoul's political career would end with such an appointment. He was going great guns. He was a valued and useful member of half-a-dozen Select Committees and chairman of the Conservative Private Members' Committee. His insistence on publishing the recommendations of his Economy Sub-committee before submission to the P.M. Committee raised some controversy and as a result Sir Gervais lost the chairmanship. His Parliamentary career was bright then. He has had a deal of experience, including four years as Parliamentary Secretary to the Attorney-General. He is an impressive speaker, clear-headed, and of dignified presence. Like many another promising Conservative, however, his progress is somewhat limited by "non-party" government, and he is probably well advised to accept a safe anchorage in a very important harbour. He is cut out to make a success on the Bench by the very qualities I have named. He showed signs of possessing them while still a mere boy. I vividly recall his immensely impressive and dignified rendering of more than one Shakespearean character in O.U.D.S. productions. *Measure for Measure* and *The Taming of the Shrew* as produced in his day at Oxford made a considerable sensation. I seem to remember that Lily Brayton lent her services. Sir Gervais will add weight and majesty to the Metropolitan Police Courts.

LORD CHURCHILL.—The late Lord Churchill descended, as does Mr. Winston Churchill, from the great Duke of Marlborough through the duke's second daughter Anne, who married Lord Sunderland, and whose son became third Duke of Marlborough on the death of his aunt Henrietta, Marlborough's elder daughter and successor in the title. The first holder of Lord Churchill's barony was a younger son of the fourth duke. Lord Churchill was born in the Court circle, being godson and page of honour to Queen Victoria; subsequently he held a number of Court appointments and will be best remembered in society as the arbiter of Ascot privileges—a tremendous dictatorship two brief decades ago, when a defined "society" still existed. That was before the age of film-star and tennis-star aristocracy and of marriage-law elasticity. In politics his career was by no means negligible, for he was for years a Conservative Whip in the Lords. He was a shrewd man of business and had a remarkable capacity for work, tact, and enthusiasm. To have guided for nearly thirty years the destinies of one of the world's finest railway systems is in itself an achievement sufficient to place him above the common run of men born in an established position. Indeed, I often think that the chairmanship of the G.W.R. in the past fifty years is a fine testimony to the value of the hereditary system of the Upper House. The third Earl Cawdor and the late Lord Churchill practically covered that period in supreme command of the G.W.R. in its most vital and fruitful era of development and reconstruction. Neither of them, of course, went through the shops or served any practical apprenticeship.

A WISE IF GLOOMY DEAN.—In his exposition of the Greek ideal before the Classical Society last week, Dean Inge affirmed that we have much still to learn from the Greeks, that we are as a nation, or as a civilization, "sadly to seek." I wonder what percentage of those thousands of Englishmen who loosely regard themselves as trustees of national taste, as educators of the public, or even as caterers for public recreations, in their hearts dispute the appalling truth of the Dean's indictment of modern life? I believe that among these thousands guilty knowledge is almost universal. The only question is, in what frail proportion will guilty knowledge evoke a change of heart? Is it unjust or an exaggeration to say that we shall soon have a population which cannot walk, or read, or write, or think? Is it panic to suggest that, unless we can simplify modern existence, the health, the mind, and the character of the citizen will all be undermined? We are watching our children, and the rising generation generally, growing up in a vicious circle in which the increasing complexity of life is "countered" by some new scientific device to save time, to short-circuit endeavour and spadework, and to find new outlets or diversions from the stress of existence and the insufferable sufficiency of breath. The press-the-button campaign is lauded to the skies as complete proof of our superiority in intelligence and initiative over any generation which has gone before us—and at the same moment the contemporary documents which are to prove our case before the judgment seat of posterity scream out their fatuity, their ugliness, their vulgarity, their cheapness, to all who have ears which can still hear.

A GRAVE INDICTMENT.—We do indeed believe that the faster we can travel the cleverer we are. We do indeed show clearly in our biographies of the dead that we despise our fathers solely because they lacked the means of swift communications and easy ways to half-knowledge which we possess. We actually take pride in the fatuity of our "halfpenny" Press and conceive that its callous vulgarity is humanity. We are not in any sort of doubt as to the ultimate good which the race will derive from the film and from radio. We believe that we are building up a race which will be better informed and more solidly equipped than our fathers. We do not pause to reflect that flying may after all be a questionable blessing and may result in the very opposite of brotherhood among men. Drunk with our inventions and childishly pleased with our new toys, we complacently spoil and flatter a race of children who will never have the power to use their minds, their wills, or their legs. We encourage them to press the button, we brush every pebble from their path, we placard with negroid art the short cuts through the maze called life, and lead them to the cliff-end with negro music. *Ipse dixit Decanus.*

THE NEW YORK MIDNIGHT FOLLIES, 1934 VERSION: Some of arrived in this country, and who are now in strenuo show which is due to begin at the Dorchest

LOCH NESS AND ALL THAT.—It is time to take stock of the Loch Ness affair. The short-memoried must be reminded that the monster was a burning topic for the Press during the last half of last year. It has had a run of nearly six months, and that is almost unique. In these days a nine days' wonder is a rarity. I ask myself then: Am I any nearer than I was last August to belief in the Loch Ness monster? I mean in the existence of a beast satisfying the conditions of reasonable importance laid down by Mr. Mills. Amphibian, or of one element only, it matters not. The accumulating evidence is not to be despised. The persistence of the sensation is a bull point. On the other hand, the mere accumulation of evidence is in itself unimportant. It becomes important if it adds link to link in a chain of evidence, but only so if each link is sound and not to be cracked. The

accumulating evidence is certainly adding link to link. But is each new link sound? When a sensation is nursed by the Press, evidence breeds like rabbits. Human nature being what it is, any person panting for self-expression or self-advertisement will put his telescope to his blind or romantic eye. But some of the witnesses are persons of acknowledged probity or personally known to us. What of *their* evidence? On a matter of this kind, is evidence given by persons whom a King's Bench Judge would accept as reliable in the witness box any more valuable than that of an unknown or doubtful court witness? I recall a mild sensation of about twenty years ago. It was the experience at Petit Trianon of two intelligent and reliable ladies (one a schoolmistress) for whom, wandering as tourists in Marie Antoinette's pleasure grounds, Time rolled back; they saw the Queen in the setting of her own day and heard spoken the Austrian - French of her day. This experience, which was recorded in a book called, I think, *An Adventure*, created a good deal of talk. I remember a bishop, whose head was cool, saying to me, "But I know one of the ladies personally, and I assure you she is incapable of hallucination or prevarication."

the girls who have recently hearsal for the new cabaret otel on January 22

OTHER FAMOUS LEGENDS.

—I have, alas! never been able to carry my own faith to triumph with a *credo quia impossibile*. The Russian army legend fed and grew strong on its essential possibility. There was nothing *outrageous*, at any rate, in the thing in which we were asked to believe. The mass of evidence was enormous, the bulk of it unreliable, and the legend died hard. The Trianon affair was not a national question. It was discussed in drawing-rooms, and in the end the general verdict was against the two ladies, high and strong as their characters were. They helped to ruin their case by over-elaborate research after the event which they published in their book. The Loch Ness monster resembles neither of the two cited cases. Its existence is not so improbable as the Trianon experience, but infinitely more improbable than the passage of the Russian army appeared to be. It has now probably accumulated as much evidence as the Russian army case, and this evidence, I should say, has a higher percentage of prima facie reliability than the Russian. Do I then believe in a "prehistoric" amphibian of gigantic size in Loch Ness? I think not. The sea-serpent has been drummed out of court a hundred times in our history. The Loch Ness monster is nothing but a sea-serpent once more. I do not believe that witnesses acceptable to the law are necessarily more reliable on such matters out of court. And finally, *credo quia impossibile* is beyond my compass. But I pine to be proved wrong.

THE MEANING OF NATIONAL.

—I find it difficult to believe that "preliminary steps have already been taken to find a National Conservative candidate to succeed Mr. Rhys at Guildford." Such, however, is the belief of Mr. Stopford Brooke, an indefatigable Liberal, a popular candidate, and a Guildford man, who has twice stood aside in the cause of National Government to let the National-ticket man in. Mr. Rhys is for private reasons not seeking re-election. Mr. Stopford Brooke stood aside, though he has a strong following in the constituency, to let Mr. Rhys in easily. Mr. Brooke's attitude has been consistently National and non-party since these ideals commended themselves to Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin; and Mr. Brooke is now ready to stand forward as the National candidate without party label. Who better entitled to stand for Guildford? who better justified in wearing the National badge? who more deserving of unqualified support by the National Government and the National (once party) associations in Guildford? Is it likely that the Premier will not favour so obvious a choice? Is it likely that Mr. Baldwin (one of whose "young men" Mr. Rhys was) will so contradict his oft-expressed views on the ideals of Nationalism as to support a Conservative National against Mr. Brooke? It is inconceivable. The word no doubt rests with the local Conservative Association, since these local bodies are known to be very hard to lead from headquarters. If the local Conservative Association does indeed run a party candidate against Mr. Brooke, I'll "eat my hat." Your local Conservative big-wig is often stupid, unjust, and obstinate as a mule. But the local committee in this constituency is composed of intelligent persons of experience in affairs, and it would not surely be so simple as to dig its own grave or set the fool's cap on its own brow in a public place. After all, the national flag still hangs (lifeless, perhaps) at the political mast. And Guildford is a test case. To make a party matter of it *now* would be to hoist the Jolly Roger indeed, to blow the gaff on the alleged patriotism of the Conservative Party.

LIGHTING-UP TIME: The Portuguese stick-dancers of Miranda, who appeared at the annual festival of the English Folk Dance and Song Society at the Albert Hall last Saturday. Their remarkable agility and precision in the use of sticks made their dances one of the most popular features of the entertainment

FLINT'S TREASURE.

—Stevenson would have rejoiced to read of the preparations now being made to lift the treasure of the Incas, which has lain buried in the Cocos Islands since the roaring days of the sixteenth and seventeenth century rovers of the Spanish Main. As long as *Treasure Island* remains an annual revival, there is no ground for lamenting the death of romance in modern life nor the extinction of the spirit of adventure and eternal youth which characterized our race. The good ship *Hispaniola* (she should have been a brig, but R.L.S.'s nautical experience could not soar beyond a schooner) is in the present revival being fitted out at Liverpool instead of at Bristol. The part of Squire Trelawney is being taken by the well-known explorer, Mr. Stratford Jolly; that of Captain Smollett falls to Shackleton's lieutenant, Commander Frank Worsley, his understudy being Commander Stenhouse, another of Shackleton's men. Dr. Livesey is ably represented on board, and the part of the irrepressible "Jim" could have been filled a hundred times over. It is characteristic of our age that the whisper of a treasure-hunting adventure should have attracted more girls than boys. The young women of Liverpool have thrown themselves at Mr. Jolly's head or feet, entreating to be signed on in any capacity, for work in the galley, the saloon or even the apple-barrel. But it is not to be. This is no job for girls, and no girl recognizable as such will be admitted on board, and there will be short shrift for stowaways. The selection of a Long John Silver is proceeding without publicity. It is indeed the key part in any production of this kind, and a good deal of secrecy is maintained as to Mr. Jolly's choice. The Inca's treasure, with which is included the spoils from Lima Cathedral, is estimated to be worth £12,000,000 of our money, and a real concession to modernity has been made by the substitution for Bone's chart and Flint's pointer of an electro-magnetic gold detector, an untried wonder of modern science. In other respects the good ship *Hispaniola* will be fitted out and will sail for the Cocos in the true eighteenth-century style.

WHAT SIR STAFFORD SAID.

—Sir Stafford Cripps was very much in the news at the week-end. Any number of adjectives were employed to qualify his name. He was called ridiculous Sir Stafford, irresponsible Sir Stafford, impertinent, insolent, and wild Sir Stafford. What adjective shall we employ? I think we will choose charitably and call him "poor Sir Stafford." He so clearly needed an ingenious friend to get him out of his difficulty. It is most unusual for a politician to lose ground for a slip of a loose-running tongue. Many years ago at Oxford (after an earlier manifestation of high spirits by the Bullingdon Club) that charming and still lamented young man, Charles Lister, was rescued from a charge of having used very unparliamentary language by an ingenious friend who assured him that all he had done was to describe the idle rich as "blood-suckers," a comparatively harmless expression. The plea was accepted. Sir Stafford should not have attempted to shuffle out of his difficulty himself. He should have come to me. Of course, he did not say, "We shall have to overcome opposition from Buckingham Palace." The words he used were "We shall have to overcome opposition and *muck-slinging malice*." As the Lord Chancellor said in *Iolanthe*: "The subtleties of the legal mind are equal to the emergency. The thing is really quite simple."

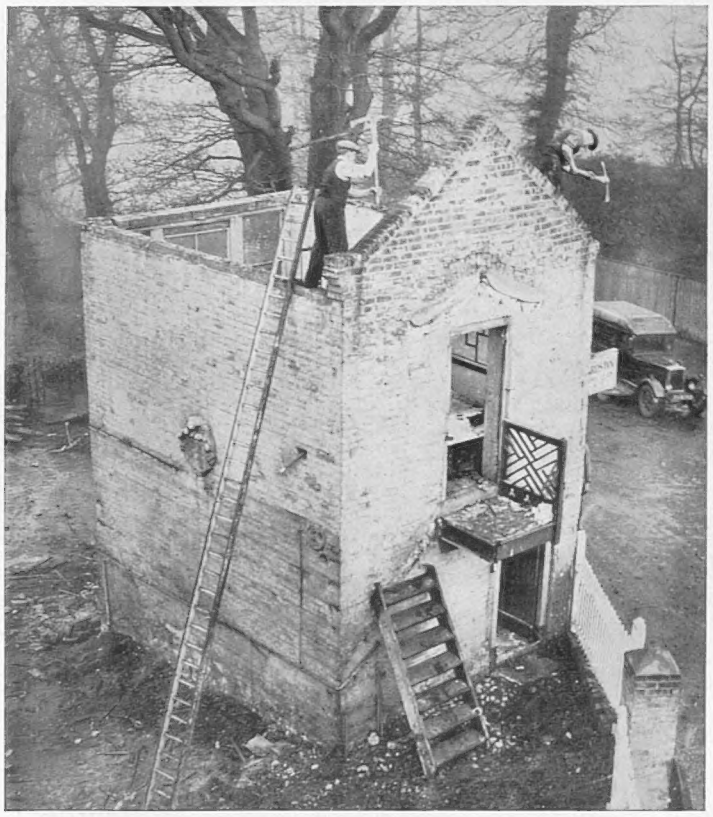
THE OLD STAGER

Below—SEEKING INSPIRATION AT THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS: Sir William Llewellyn, G.C.V.O., P.R.A. (centre), with Mr. W. W. Russell, C.V.O., R.A., the Keeper of the Royal Academy (right), and a friend. Sir William and Mr. Russell are, of course, members of the executive committee responsible for the organization of the Exhibition of British Art at Burlington House. The exhibition is arousing nation-wide interest, and owes not a little of its success to the personal interest taken in it by the King

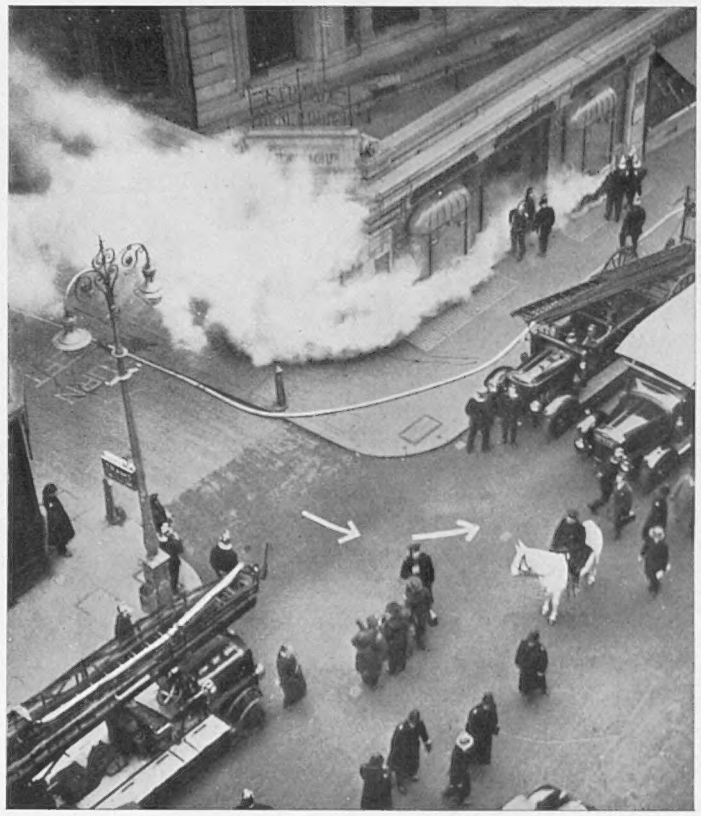
CURRENT EV

THE WINTER DROUGHT CONTINUES: The Longdendale Valley Reservoirs, which supply Manchester with a considerable proportion of its water, are almost dried up. Unless there is heavy rain soon, the position is likely to become serious

THE BAYONNE BOND FRAUD, which resulted in the suicide of M. Stavisky have been involved and M. Dalimier, who recommended the bonds as the shot financier. *Centre*—The Municipal Pawnbroking Establishmen

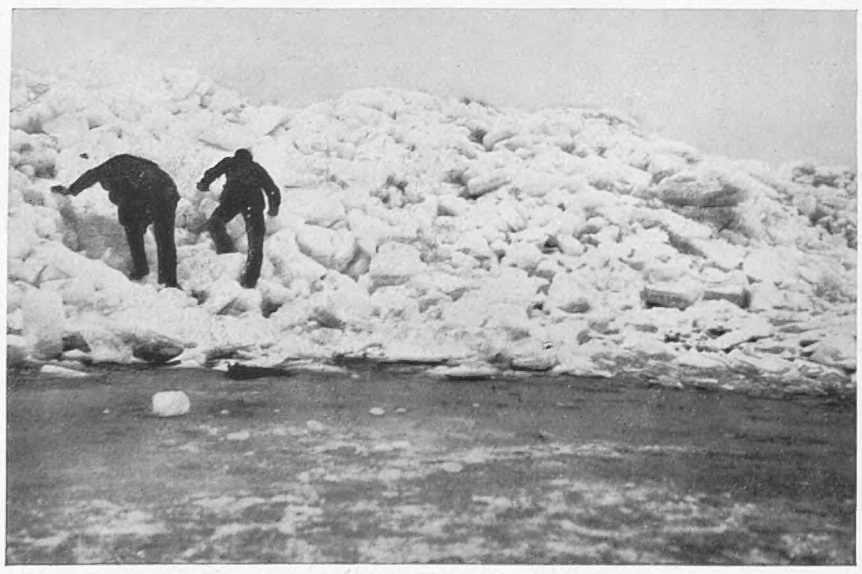


DEMOLISHING AN ANCIENT HAMPSTEAD LANDMARK: The old Dick Turpin house and stables near the Spaniards Inn on Hampstead Heath. Part of the structure narrowed the roadway, and it was thought wiser to remove it



EXCITEMENT IN THE WEST END: Several waitresses and cleaners had narrow escapes when fire broke out in the basement of the Strand Corner House last week. The blaze, which started in the kitchens, was quickly got under control

LURING THE LOCH
the loch. More p
Drumnadrochit re



A PHENOMENON ON THE ZUIDER ZEE: A correspondent in Holland describes this curious ice formation thus: "About seven or eight miles from the coast during the freezing period, the waves of the sea had been driven by the fast forming ice into a deep water area. Here they gradually froze in the form of breakers and created a circular fence of ice"

ANOTHER DARING ESCAPE FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND: Hundreds of convicts are
authorities seem unable to stop these incidents. These pictures were take
to Trinidad, British West Indies. *Left*—One of the exhausted convicts drain
on arrival. *Right*—Having

NTS IN PICTURES

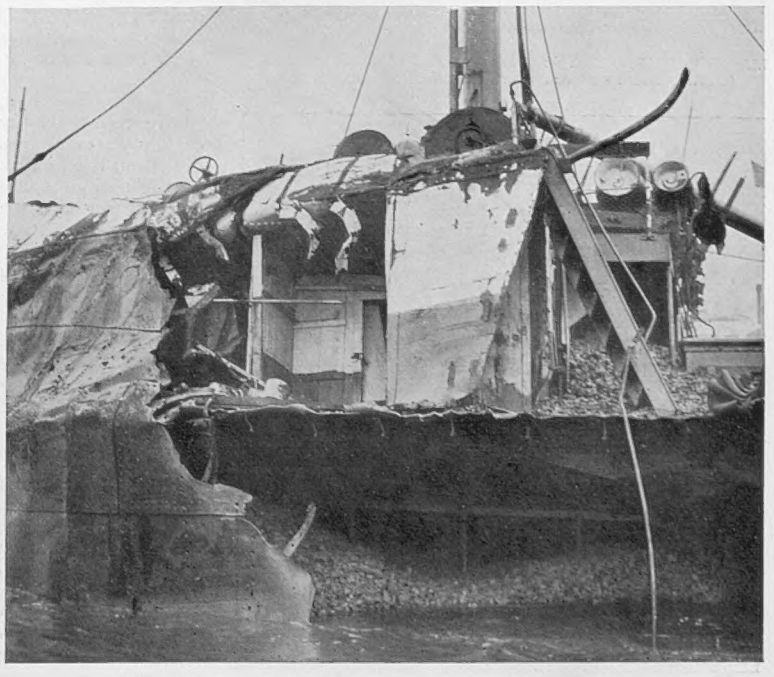
has caused one of the greatest sensations in France of recent years. Over £7,000,000 are said to nvestment, has resigned as Minister of the Colonies. *Left*—Mme Stavisky, the beautiful wife of Bayonne, on behalf of which the fraudulent bonds were originally issued. *Right*—M. Dalimier

THIS LIVERPOOL TRAMCAR GOT OUT OF CONTROL ON A STEEP HILL, crashed into a shop, and overturned. A girl, aged nineteen, was killed and thirty-eight people were injured. The roof of the tram was torn off

"MONSTER" WITH MUSIC: A party of Edinburgh students attempting to solve the riddle of claim to have seen the monster, but the mystery is still as great as ever. A gentleman from that the creature has "a sheep-like head and a big fat neck." This is only one of hundreds of conflicting statements

A COUNTRYSIDE MYSTERY: Collecting sackfuls of dead rooks at Melcombe Horsey, Dorset, where hundreds of birds have died as a result, it is thought, of poisoned grain being thrown down in the fields. An examination of one of the rooks has borne out this theory. The poison is believed to be strychnine. It is no longer safe to eat rabbits or birds killed in the neighbourhood, and hunting will probably be held up for some time to come

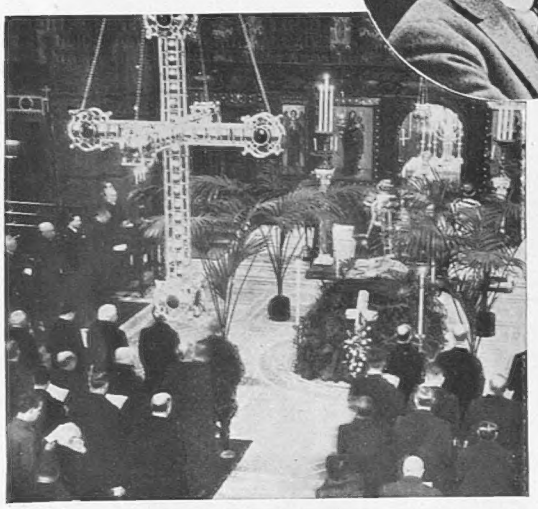
o have got away from the French penal settlement during the past year or two, and the Paramount Sound News after a party of five men had rowed some 500 miles in an open boat oconut after landing on the island. *Centre*—The convicts assisting each other from the boat irst meal in the Sailors' Home at Trinidad



AN ACCIDENT IN THE THAMES ESTUARY: The Norwegian steamer, *Erling Lindoe* (1,281 tons), after it had collided with the 10,420-ton Nippon Yusen Kaisha liner, *Hakone Maru*. The *Erling Lindoe* was beached at Jenning Tree Point, Kent, in order to prevent her sinking

CORNELIUS CODREANU, leader of the Iron Guard, and Nicholas Constantinescu (right background), murderer of M. Duca, the Rumanian Premier. The Iron Guard is now dissolved

RUMANIA MOURNS HER ASSASSINATED PREMIER: The funeral cortège on its way through the streets of Bucharest. *Circle, left*—M. George Tatarescu, who succeeds M. Duca as Premier



IN THE GREEK CATHEDRAL, BAYSWATER: The scene during the memorial service for M. Duca, which was held in London last week

MAKING FOR SAFETY: Residents of Valcov, Rumania, leaving the town during recent floods on the Danube

THE LATE PREMIER: One of the last pictures taken of M. Duca. In 1930 he opposed King Carol's return to Rumania, but later changed his opinions and became an ardent supporter of the new regime

THE TRUTH ABOUT RUMANIA

Some of the Myths and Malicious Stories which have been Spread regarding One of the Most Contented Nations in Europe

By D. J. HALL *(The Writer has Lived and Worked among the People and is an Authority on Rumanian Political Affairs)*

For some years the interest of the public in this country has been continually aroused in the political and social events in Rumania. Yet in spite of all that has been written the truth has been obscured by sensational myths and misunderstandings both deliberate and accidental. It has become the fashion to regard Rumania as a kind of Ruritanian kingdom instead of the most powerful State in South-eastern Europe. This attitude reached its climax with the news of the assassination of the Rumanian Premier, M. Duca. On Friday, December 29, 1933, M. Duca had been conferring with the King at Castle Peles, Sinaia. At ten o'clock at night he was on the station to take train back to Bucharest. His private detectives had moved aside for a moment for him to get into his carriage. He had one foot on the step when suddenly a pétard was thrown. In the confusion which followed the explosion the assassin, Constantinescu, fired four shots which killed M. Duca instantly. The detectives quickly overpowered and arrested Constantinescu; his two accomplices, momentarily escaping, were arrested the next morning. But the horrible and senseless crime with which M. Duca had been threatened by the Iron Guard had been committed. Yet at a time when the Rumanian nation is mourning the loss of not only a fine and intelligent citizen but a man who promised to be a strong leader of its Government, certain sections of the Press have indulged in a series of fantastic stories having but two things in common, that they are mainly untrue and that they point to a state of turmoil in Rumania.

Though the death of M. Duca is a tragic occurrence it has not created a state of turmoil. It has certainly aroused intense indignation, but this indignation has had the effect of binding every section of the nation together. There is no question of hoping that the country may settle down since it has never been unsettled. Why should it be supposed that because the Premier has been assassinated the country is in a state of revolt? If in such a tragic event it would not be so here, why should it be so in Rumania? But there is no Iron Guard here! True, but what of the Iron Guard?

It is a body resembling in many respects the Nazi movement; it possesses qualities which are entirely alien to the Rumanian temperament. The Rumanians are a happy-go-lucky, tolerant people, reluctant to suppress any action of the individual. The Iron Guard had existed for some time; it began as an anti-Semitic movement and eventually, desiring power, held itself up as desiring to protect the King from what it alleged to be undesirable counsellors. The fact that, whatever other disruptive qualities it possessed, it was intensely Royalist, disposes of the story that the movement desired a revolution. The assassination of M. Duca was an insane act of revenge. The movement, growing in strength, had begun to show signs of violence, but the previous Government had ignored it at first. Then from tolerance some of the younger members of the party in power had grown to encourage it. This was one of the causes of the fall of the Government. Now violence and dragooning are not to be tolerated, and when M. Duca was asked to form a new Government he ordered the dissolution of the Iron Guard before the elections took place, making certain that it would not have a chance to be represented. It may be suggested that the very suppression of the Iron Guard will result in its gaining secret strength. This is very unlikely. It was checked in time before it had gained a hold.

Martial law has not been proclaimed. This step would only be taken in the case of serious trouble and is effective only by order of the King. What has been referred to as martial law is an emergency measure in certain districts, such as the university and manufacturing towns, where irresponsible hotheads might be inclined to take this opportunity to make trouble. Neither has there been any universal censorship. Control has only been kept of the newspapers in Bucharest, and a glance at the reports of the disturbances in our own Press will explain the reason for this measure.

It is time, too, that some of the many other myths should be finished with. There is Madame Lupescu. Her connection with events in Rumania exists only in the minds of foreigners to that country. She has, in fact, no significance either political or social, and has not had for years. She is of interest to no one, she lives quietly, is rarely seen, and but for the inventiveness of sensation mongers would never be heard of. Then there was a report that the King, after having stated that he would attend the funeral of M. Duca, was unable to attend owing to a bad cold, the suggestion being conveyed that he feared an assassin's bullet. This is sheer invention. The King, as is the custom of Royalty in other countries, would in any event not have attended the funeral of one of his Ministers. He sent as a matter of course a representative, in this case his brother, Prince Nicholas. But there is no end to the inventions. It has even been stated that the acts of the Iron Guard are connected with the movement in Transylvania to return that province to Hungary! In Transylvania there is no such movement, and the people of that part of Rumania would not thank anyone who wished to sever them from the main body of Rumania. The population is mainly Rumanian and entirely so in sympathy.

The bulk of the Rumanian population consists of intelligent, hard-headed peasants not easily fooled by revolutionary talk. They are probably the most contented people in Europe. Every peasant in every part of Rumania owns his own land and is as near to being self-supporting as it is possible to be. Even the world crisis has not touched these people, secure on their own holdings. For King they have a man who, after facing extreme difficulties increased by ignorant criticism, has proved himself a strong ruler and a wise statesman.

Rumania can very well look after herself without any interference from other countries. And it is time that it should be realized that in a world which is struggling for peace and stability nothing could be more noxious than the invention of malicious nonsense about a country which, after much struggle, has placed itself on a fair way to prosperity.

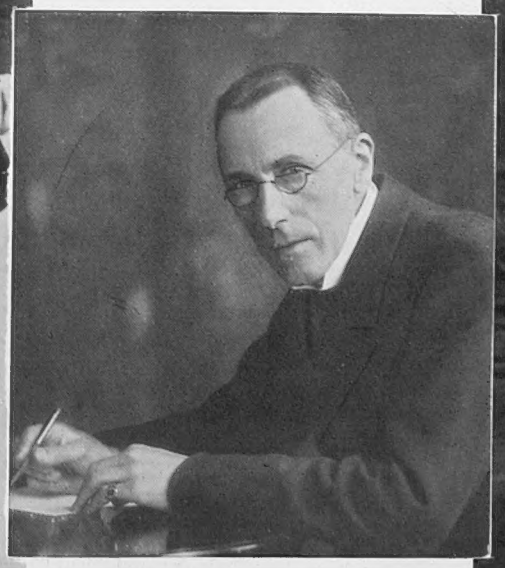
PERSONALITIES: At Home and Abroad

WHERE OVERCOATS AND CARES ARE CAST ASIDE: Sir Herbert Walker (right), General Manager of the Southern Railway, with a friend on the terrace at Monte Carlo

SUNSHINE AT MONTE CARLO: Mr Frank Hartigan (left), the well-known racehorse trainer, and Captain Montague on the terrace at the famous Riviera resort

A FARMYARD HERO: William Goff to whom the King has awarded the Edward Medal in recognition of his gallantry in rushing to the rescue of his employer, a farmer

SIR GERVAIS RENTOUL, who has been appointed a Metropolitan Police Magistrate to fill one of the vacancies caused by the death of Mr. J. A. R. Cairns and the retirement of Mr. Mead. He is seen here with Lady Rentoul



MR. CHARLES STAFFORD CROSSMAN, who has been appointed a Judge of the High Court (Chancery Division) in the place of Mr. Justice Maugham. Mr. Crossman was called to the Bar in 1897 and has been Junior Counsel to the Treasury in the Chancery Division since 1927

THE NEWFOUNDLAND PREMIER AT THE DOMINIONS OFFICE: The Hon. Frederick Alderdice who arrived in London at the beginning of the month and who has been discussing the affairs of Newfoundland with Mr. J. H. Thomas. He was appointed Premier in 1932

NEGLECTED ARTISTS

Brought to Light at the Royal Academy Exhibition of British Art

A feature of the Exhibition of British Art at the Royal Academy is the number of works by neglected or forgotten artists whose names are probably almost unknown to the general public. Some of these men were competent painters who worked for some special clientèle and whose names, even in their lifetime, were never widely known; others were extremely famous in their day, but dropped out of the limelight when taste changed after their death; others again were merely minor painters, imitators, that is to say, of the major artists of their own or some previous age; and others were portrait painters who pleased their sitters at the time, but whose portraits mean little or nothing to succeeding generations.

Lent by N. G. Beechman

"SCENE FROM 'DAVID SIMPLE,'" BY HENRY SINGLETON: Singleton was born in London in 1766, and was brought up by his uncle, a painter of miniatures

Henry Singleton (1766–1839), for example, painter of the "Mrs. Davison as Juliana in *The Honeymoon*" and "A Scene from *David Simple*" in the Exhibition, divided his time between history pictures, illustrations to Shakespeare, portraits, and representations of actors in their parts. There seems now to be no trace of his "Coriolanus and His Mother," "Hannibal Swearing Enmity to the Romans," or of his Indian subjects, "The Storming of Seringapatam," "The Death of Tippoo Sahib," and "The Surrender of Tippoo's Sons as Hostages." Of the two pictures which he bequeathed to the nation, "Ariel on a Bat's Back" and "Manto and Tiresias," the first is deposited in the Coventry Gallery, and the second was long deposited at Leicester. The actress, Mrs. Davison, who wears a white Empire gown trimmed with silver in Singleton's picture, had a reputation for her air in playing ladies of breeding. Singleton's picture is lent to the Exhibition by the Garrick Club, which is remarkable, among other things, for its collection of theatrical portraits, for the sentence in its original constitution reading "it would be better that ten unobjectionable men should be excluded than that one terrible bore should be admitted," and for its summer gin-punch—three pints of which are made as follows: Half a pint of gin poured on the outer peel of lemons, a glass of lemon juice, a glass of maraschino, a pint and a quarter of water, and two bottles of iced soda water.

John Hamilton Mortimer (1741–1779), who is mainly known to-day because Blake spoke of him with admiration, was described in his lifetime as "the most powerful and perfect master of the human form that has ever appeared, either among the living or the dead." He painted portraits, pictures of the kind known as "conversation genre," i.e. groups of people engaged in everyday occupations, historical pictures of "King John Granting Magna Carta," "The Battle of Agincourt," etc., and pictures "of the grotesque or horrible kind, incantations, monsters, or representations of banditti and soldiers in violent action." He had a country house in Aylesbury, and presented a picture to the church of Chipping Wycombe. He also designed stained-glass windows for Salisbury Cathedral and Brasenose College, Oxford, and made engravings after Italian painters. In the Exhibition he is seen as a painter of conversation genre. One picture shows a group of people in the billiards-room at Twemlow Hall, Cheshire, and visitors will note here the type of cue which was used in the eighteenth century. Another picture shows Mortimer himself seated at a drawing-board with a brother artist and a boy attendant. The chair on which Mortimer sits has a linen covering in large pink and white checks, which would be quite at home in a modern school of interior decoration.

Lent by E. W. Barron

"JOHN GODBOLD," BY JOHN RUSSELL, R.A.: As a youth the artist was apprenticed to Francis Cotes, one of whose pictures appears on the right of this page. Russell was a constant exhibitor at the Academy between 1769 and 1805

Francis Hayman (1708–1776), represented in the show by "Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard as Ranger and Clarinda in *The Suspicious Husband*" and "The Cricket Match" (dated 1743), was an Exeter man and a Jew or of Jewish extraction. He was a friend of Hogarth and witnessed with him, at Moll King's Tavern, the quarrel between the two women whom Hogarth depicted in the tavern scene in "A Rake's Progress." He went with Hogarth to France in 1748, when Hogarth was arrested for sketching Calais Gate—the episode recorded in Hogarth's "Calais Gate: The Roast Beef of Old England." About 1740 he collaborated with the French engraver Gravelot, who was Gainsborough's first master, in a set of illustrations to Richardson's *Pamela*; he was associated with Gainsborough himself in his first period in London, and is traditionally reputed to have given Gainsborough not only lessons in drawing and painting but also lessons in the sowing of wild oats. He painted scenery for Drury Lane, Shakespearean subjects for the Prince's Pavilion in Vauxhall Gardens, a "Moses in the Bulrushes" which he presented to the Foundling Hospital, portraits and genre scenes. He also illustrated Don Quixote, Congreve's plays, and other works. He was the first librarian of the Academy and is said to have been able to consume abnormal quantities of food. Hannah Pritchard, the actress, represented in Hayman's picture with Garrick, was regarded as the greatest Lady Macbeth of her time. She died in 1768 and thus escaped the mortification of the applause showered on Mrs. Siddons who first played the part in London in 1783.

Lent by Alfred E. Hill

"THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY AND HIS SISTER," BY DANIEL GARDNER: Gardner as a youth attracted the attention of Reynolds. He was noted for his small portraits in crayons and oils

Lent by Aberdeen Art Gallery

"TITIAN'S FIRST ESSAY IN COLOUR" BY WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.: Dyce was the son of an eminent Scottish physician who strongly opposed his interest in painting

Thomas Patch (1720?–1782), who is seen in the Exhibition as the painter of two views of Florence and two caricature portrait groups, was a Devon man who specialized in caricature portraits and settled in Florence about the time that Reynolds was in Italy. Reynolds is said to have made some money in Italy by painting caricature portraits in Patch's manner, and I have seen one such group ascribed to Reynolds. Patch also worked as an engraver and published plates from frescoes in the Italian churches. One of his caricature groups here shown depicts the 3rd Duke of Roxburghe "paying a visit with matrimonial intentions to the dwarf Miss Mendes, a very rich Jewess," who wears a scarlet, large-hooped dress. The other shows the German painter Zoffany, Patch himself, and various gentlemen, two of whom perform on musical instruments. Patch's "View on the Arno" hangs on the wall in this second picture.

William Bradley (1801-1857), painter of "George Fraser, President of the Manchester Golf Club," carrying his golf club, was a Manchester artist. At sixteen he advertised himself as "portrait, miniature and animal painter, and teacher of drawing" and worked as a portraitist at a shilling a head—a price which, even allowing for the difference in money values, was probably not more than five shillings. At the age of twenty-one he came to London, where he had considerable success as a portrait painter; and this success was continued in Manchester, whither he returned at the age of forty-six. His sitters included Gladstone, Sheridan Knowles, and the actor Macready. Fifty years after his death he was already so forgotten that one of his portraits was sold at auction in London for four guineas.

Daniel Gardner (1750–1805), who is represented by a series of pastels, specialized as a portraitist in this medium. His portraits pleased his sitters so much that he made what is described as "a modest fortune." In recent years there has been a vogue for his pastels among certain dealers and collectors in Paris.

John Russell (1745–1806), another portraitist who specialized in pastels, though he also painted in oils,

Lent by Viscount Bearsted

"THE BOOTH FAMILY," BY JOHN HAMILTON MORTIMER, A.R.A.: The artist was noted chiefly as an historical painter. He died before he was forty

was at first a pupil of **Francis Cotes** (1726–1770), who is represented in the Exhibition by "A Man with a Violin," "Portrait of a Boy with a Bat," and portraits of the celebrated Gunning sisters. Russell soon had great success, and at the age of forty-four he wrote in his diary: "In outward things the goodness of the Lord has been very great. I have now been received an Academician and King's Painter. Though large my family, I have been able to support them with plenty. My income is above £1,000 a year and probably on the increase." This success continued till he died after an attack of typhoid fever at the age of sixty-two. Russell made his own pastels, kept a diary in Byron shorthand, invented a contraption called a "selenographia" for examining the moon, and drew a map of the moon's surface which he published with a pamphlet on the subject.

To the general public some of the sporting artists represented in the Exhibition will be new names, though **George Stubbs** (1724–1806) is well known since the National Gallery acquired his "Phaeton and Pair" in 1920. Stubbs himself is represented here by a number of pictures, and visitors will notice precisely the same landscape background in his "Colonel Pilkington and Sisters" and "The Melbourne and Milbanke Families" which hang on the same wall. **Ben Marshall** (1767–1835), like Stubbs, could paint a human portrait as well as portraits of horses and hounds, as we see in his "Thomas Gosden with a Pointer and Setter" in this show.

The Pre-Raphaelite section revives the rather faded memory of **William Dyce** (1806–1864), the artist who drew Ruskin's attention to "The Carpenter's Shop," by Millais, in the Academy of 1850, and thus started Ruskin on his championship of the Pre-Raphaelites. "Dyce dragged me, literally," Ruskin wrote later, "to the Millais picture which I had passed disdainfully and forced me to look for its merits." Dyce is represented here by two works full of Pre-Raphaelite detail, "George Herbert at Bemerton" and "Titian's First Essay in Colour," and by a "Virgin and Child," where he imitates Raphael.

The Pre-Raphaelite section also revives memories of **J. F. Lewis** (1805-1876), who painted girls in Turkish and Moorish costume in gardens and harems. He sometimes suggested dappled effects of sunlight in Pre-Raphaelite technique at a time when the French impressionists were beginning to suggest sunlight in their very different way. Of this, "Indoor Gossip," painted in 1873, is an example in the Exhibition. Lewis's pictures were collected by Ruskin's father and highly praised by Ruskin.

Lent by Lord Brocket

"PORTRAIT OF A BOY WITH A BAT," BY FRANCIS COTES, R.A.: Cotes enjoyed a considerable reputation in his day, and Hogarth is said to have declared that he was a better painter than Reynolds. Posterity, however, has not endorsed this opinion

R. H. Wilenski

THE WORK OF LITTLE-KNOWN ARTISTS AT THE R.A. EXHIBITION

Lent by Mrs. Guy Gilbey

"T. GOSDEN, THE SPORTSMAN," BY BEN MARSHALL: The artist, who was born in 1767 and who practised in London and Newmarket, is chiefly remembered as an animal painter. His works occasionally appeared in the Academy between 1800 and 1819, and he was a frequent contributor to the *Sporting Magazine*. He died in 1835

Lent by the Manchester City Art Gallery

"GEORGE FRASER," BY WILLIAM BRADLEY: Bradley began life as an errand boy in Manchester, but at the age of sixteen decided to devote himself seriously to art. When he was twenty-one he came to London, obtained an introduction to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and succeeded in establishing himself as a portrait painter. Between 1823 and 1846 he exhibited thirteen pictures at the Academy, but a year later returned to his native city, where he died in poverty in 1857. One of his sitters was Mr. Gladstone

Lent by the Duchess of Roxburghe

CARICATURE GROUP, BY THOMAS PATCH: This group shows the 3rd Duke of Roxburghe seated in the centre of the room. On the right Johann Zoffany, R.A., is showing a drawing to the Hon. Felton Harvey. Patch first studied art in London, but as a young man journeyed to Italy, chiefly on foot, in company with a fellow artist. He became a student at the Academy in Rome some time before 1750, and is known to have received the patronage of the Earl of Charlemont. In some manner or other his eccentric behaviour incurred the displeasure of the Church authorities, and in 1755 he left hurriedly for Florence. Here he became well known among the English residents and travellers, of whom he executed a number of caricatures. Patch was one of the first artists to recognize the supreme merits of Masaccio's frescoes, and his engravings of these, which he published in 1770, won him well-deserved recognition. He died in Florence in 1782

The DALAI LAMA IS DEAD

Buddhist Asia Mourns the Loss of a Great Ruler—the Search for a Successor

By THYRA WEIR

(One of the few European women who have ever been to Lhasa)

The most powerful ruler in the world, the great Dalai Lama of Tibet, is dead. The whole of Buddhist Asia is shaken to the core by the news. Greatest autocrat of the day, controller of both temporal and spiritual power, ruler of millions of people, this romantic figure has dominated the heart of Asia ever since he was old enough to assert himself. He died at the age of sixty. When I saw him in December 1932 he was in perfect health, a young fifty-nine—fresh-complexioned, alert, kindly—a striking personality.

A Dalai Lama is incarnated. He does not inherit in any normal way. His divine spirit is born into him straight from the deceased lama's body. He is God. This man's mother was known as the Mother of God. All his people prostrate themselves before him, accepting him in the spirit of utmost reverence. What opportunities for misrule should the holy one be so inclined! Yet this was a great man in every sense of the word, the greatest figure in Asia.

It is a strange system of succession. At death the ruling lama's spirit passes directly into the body of a new-born child. Although the identity of the child is not definitely decided for perhaps two or three years, his possible whereabouts are known to the select few.

This select few are lama leaders chosen from the most powerful monasteries in Tibet. The ceremonies concerning that procedure are mysterious—prayers, throwing of dice, meditation, grotesque ritual all take their part. Sometimes the decision falls on more than one child. Although carefully watched, the children are not seriously considered until two or three years have elapsed; they are then collected before the all-powerful council of wise men. Various intimate belongings of the dead man are placed in turn before them. He who is divine shows intelligent interest in these, stretching forth his little hand to clutch a bell or a rosary. Incidentally every prospective candidate must have various holy marks on his body. Chief of these are rudimentary excrescences on his shoulders suggesting the four arms of Chen-re-zig—the deity of whom all Dalai Lamas are incarnations.

The late ruler's birth was clearly depicted. It was foretold that he should be the son of a humble woman—not only humble but deaf and dumb. The whole of Tibet was searched, the child was found. The humble child grew into a great ruler, possibly the greatest that Tibet has ever known. The humble deaf and dumb woman automatically and with quiet dignity took her place as the Mother of God. She died some years ago.

From the moment the child is chosen he is cared for and taught by the wisest and noblest holy men. Although treated with the utmost reverence, he is nevertheless firmly disciplined. His education is of a quality spiritually, mentally, and morally known only in Tibet.

During the previous hundred years no Dalai Lama had reached the age of nineteen. There were four between 1805 and 1876. Tibet was under the suzerainty of China, and as each ruler rose to manhood some accident accounted for his death, leaving a succession of Chinese regents undisturbed to rule the country.

This Dalai Lama evaded all the accidents which threatened him in his youth. His personal influence over his own people enabled him to throw off the Chinese yoke. This was an almost incredible achievement. Chinese power was deep-rooted. One great monastery in Lhasa fell with the Chinese, dragging many influential men with it. Intrigue was rife; there were murders of high Tibetan officials in public places in Lhasa. All pro-Chinese were severely dealt with. Tibet was completely cleared of their influence. Every Chinaman, official or otherwise, was expelled; armies of Chinese fled south, many were killed on the way. Those who escaped found their way to Calcutta and were shipped back to China. The Dalai Lama was acclaimed saviour of Tibet.

THE LATE DALAI LAMA: The dominating personality who rid Tibet of the Chinese. He died recently at the age of sixty

When Dalai Lamas die there are queer doings in Tibet.

One, the great fifth Dalai Lama who built the famous Potala, was not allowed to be dead. He actually died in 1682. For sixteen years the fact was hidden from the people. The Potala was not yet finished even though the work had been commenced nearly thirty years before. Many years were still needed for the completion of that enormous palace. The great walls were of incredible thickness. Should the people have heard of his death work would have stopped immediately. Thousands of men and women had toiled daily for years, receiving only food as their wages; love of their god—the fifth Dalai Lama—inspired them.

The Regent of that time, Sanggye Gyatso, decided quickly. The building, the life's work of his beloved god, must be continued. On the actual day of his death, qualms of conscience prompted him to inscribe with his own hands a small stone. A simple inscription in verse told what had happened. He concealed the stone in an outer wall of the actual Potala, then in building. We saw this stone firmly embedded but visible in the main front wall. He also had prickings of conscience concerning the golden tomb covering which must be made for every Dalai Lama immediately he dies. This had to be commenced, but how? He ordered a great chorten nearby to be covered with a special gold mantle. This chorten still forms the entrance of the Potala precincts. We passed under it in December. It is called the Pa-Ko Kalling Chorten. We saw no gold covering here. When the discovery of the death was made sixteen years later the golden canopy was moved to the tomb chamber of the Potala, and it now rests on the real tomb of the fifth Dalai Lama.

Holy men called "oracles" play a great part in the ruling of Tibet. Their bodies and minds are periodically completely controlled by the spirit world. During these trances they are asked by those in authority to decide questions of State. The advice given comes from a holy source. Sanggye Gyatso, the Regent, was nervous. He considered it necessary to consult the great oracle of Nechung. This was surely safe. The oracle would be in a state of complete mystic exaltation. Interesting light is thrown on the real nature of oracles in Tibet by the fact that this Nechung oracle told his mother the secret. The Regent discovered this before much damage had been done and immediately ordered the death of the oracle. He also ordered the mother's tongue to be cut out. These were considered necessary precautions to keep the secret.

All would have gone well—the secret had been kept for sixteen years. The Potala was nearing completion. At ceremonial functions, during which it was necessary for His Holiness to appear in public, the dead Dalai Lama was impersonated by a monk of the Namgyal Yatsang, who bore a striking resemblance to the dead man.

Unfortunately to one of these functions came a holy man from Mongolia. This man had been a great friend of the fifth Dalai Lama. Work had taken him back to Mongolia and had kept him for many years. He himself possessed mystic powers, and when in the presence of His Holiness he had always seen the holy one enveloped by the aura of the god Chen-re-zig (of whom he is an incarnation). On this occasion he was puzzled. He could see no aura. He feared that his own state of spiritual purity had degenerated. An intensive period of meditation and purification followed. This failed to help him. He became suspicious. Eventually he guessed the truth. The secret was out. However, the Potala was practically finished. Had the death not been kept secret one of the loveliest buildings in the world would never have been completed.

Pilgrims flock to Lhasa by the thousand; rich and poor alike all bring gifts for His Holiness. Few ever see him. There are treasure stores in the great Potala beyond the wildest dreams. We were privileged to enjoy several audiences with His Holiness. Seated on a golden carved throne surrounded by his giant monk bodyguard, he made one think of the days of Kublai Khan. All our Buddhist attendants prostrated themselves three times, bumping their heads as they did so. We exchanged ceremonial scarves and were allowed to sit. He had never before talked to European women. The usual polite courtesies were exchanged—our health, the terrible journey.

Might I be allowed to paint his holy palaces? Hesitation. Were my pictures as good as photographs? He would like to see them; the Western perspective intrigued him. He became interested in many European topics. Had I seen an aeroplane? I told him of Amy Johnson's flight to Australia in so many days, alone—across that vast expanse of ocean. He seemed hazy about Australia. So many miles in so many days, he repeated slowly and questioningly. A woman alone did that! And why was she in a hurry?

It was a great honour being allowed into the holy precincts of his country palace. Our Tibetan women friends were surprised when they heard of our reception. He is God to them. Very seldom do any of them even see him except in the distance. Much too holy to be talked to, they would be tongue-tied should they suddenly have the opportunity.

And now the whole country is weighed down in sorrow. There is no one to take the holy man's place. The people have lost their god. Some already say that the gods of Everest are avenging themselves for being disturbed.

The great philosophers know that a critical time has come in the tide of events. Prayer and meditation will be the order of the day in every monastery and in every home. May their gods help them!

THE PRIME MINISTER OF TIBET (right) who assumed the title of King on the death of the Dalai Lama

A LADY OF LHASA: Her head-dress and other ornaments are composed almost entirely of pearls, turquoise, and coral

NEWS FROM EUROPE AND THE FAR EAST

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT ENTERTAINS: M. Lebrun watching his little granddaughter distributing presents at the New Year's Eve Party at the Elysee Palace

THE ROYAL OPENING OF THE SIAMESE PARLIAMENT: King Prajadhipok, clad in the full regalia of State, presiding over the assembly in the Marble Throne Hall, Bangkok. Matters appear to have quietened down after the recent political upheaval

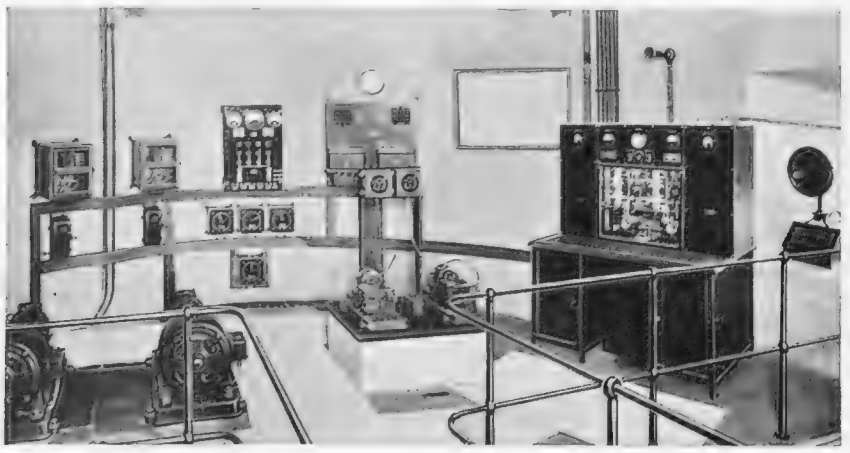
FLOODS IN ROME: A view of the Tiber from the Palatine Bridge showing the dangerously high level of the water. Many of the lower parts of the city have been inundated. In the background is the Isola Tiberina

LADIES OF SPAIN DRINK TO 1934: A picture taken at the New Year Party attended by members of the theatrical profession in Madrid

CHRISTMAS IN JAPAN is just as eagerly awaited by the Christian children as it is in the West. *Left*—A young schoolgirl chalking the words "Merry Xmas" on the class-room floor. *Right*—Father Christmas arriving by boat to distribute presents among the children

THE LIFE of a LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER in WINTER

THE CASKETS LIGHTHOUSE: The famous light which stands on the highest of the dangerous rocks near Alderney in the English Channel. It was near here that the *White Ship* was wrecked in 1120, the *Victory* in 1744, and the *Stella* in 1899



AN AUTOMATIC WIRELESS BEACON AT DUNGENESS LIGHTHOUSE: Apparatus of this type has been installed in lighthouses and lightships around the coasts of Britain and in many of the principal maritime countries of the world. Each beacon transmits a characteristic signal at intervals of about half-an-hour in clear weather, and constantly when visibility is poor. Ships fitted with wireless direction-finders can thus take bearings irrespective of weather conditions. This beacon is simple in operation and can run for long periods without skilled attention. The installation is controlled by a master clock

A FRIENDLY CALL: Fifteen miles out to sea from St. David's Head, Pembrokeshire, and guarding the north-western approach to Milford Haven, is the Smalls Lighthouse. The winds from the south and north-west make relief a difficult task, and often the lighthouse-keeper has to be content with extra weeks of lonely life until the gales moderate. A pleasant interlude is afforded by the R.A.F. supermarine flying boat exercises, which take place in the vicinity. A machine is seen passing the lighthouse on patrol duty

The average visitor, when noticing on a calm day the slender outlines of an isolated lighthouse tower rising from the water, might easily picture the life of the keeper as one of comparative leisure. But let him take over twenty-four hours' duty in one of these sea beacons in stormy weather and his views would be vastly different. The fascination soon wears off, and a visitor would quickly realize the terrible desolation of such a post, and perhaps appreciate the little band of men who constantly keep watch on the traffic of the sea. The safety of thousands of lives and millions of pounds' worth of merchandise comes under their care.

Keepers of such isolated stations are marooned just as much as any castaway on a desert island, and in some instances they are unable to send shore signals. They simply have to wait until a vessel is sighted and then report by flag signals.

The living quarters on a rock lighthouse are very cramped, and there are no facilities for the two keepers engaged to take normal exercise.

Lamps are lighted at dusk, oil still being the most used medium of illumination. The more modern types of shore lighthouses, however, are lit by electricity, such as the Lizard at the entrance to the English Channel, and St. Catherine's in the Isle of Wight. At daybreak, when the form of the tower can be identified from a distance of several miles, the light is extinguished, and in summer time heavy curtains are drawn across the windows to protect the lantern lenses from the rays of the sun.

The lighthouse-keeper realizes only too well his responsibility. Each man is specially picked for duty; he must not be afraid of loneliness, and above all he must have a very real sense of responsibility.

An authorized inspector visits the lighthouse at certain intervals, and woe betide a careless keeper. One small failure on his part and a relief boat is sent out with another man.

Everything in the lighthouse is constantly overhauled, the oil reservoirs are examined and filled, the various panes of glass in the lantern cleaned and polished, the reflectors have to have a mirror-like brilliancy. As on board ship, the living quarters must be kept spotlessly clean.

Reliefs entirely depend on the situation of the respective lighthouses, especially during the winter season. Often the keepers, although only scheduled to carry out their specified period, have to extend their duties owing to the relief boat being unable to reach them through rough seas. There are record instances where there has been a delay of five weeks or more in furnishing a relief. Although the men are expected to provide themselves with food supplies, a reserve is maintained at the station for such emergencies. Even some of the land stations are unapproachable at times.

Owing, however, to extreme precautions taken by the authorities, mishaps at a lighthouse are very rare indeed. The men are supplied with fixed rules and regulations from which they must on no account deviate.

While the lighthouse lamp is operating time cannot drag, owing to the numerous details which necessitate the keeper's constant attention. An official log-book has to be kept, entered up with details such as temperature, barometric readings, weather conditions and behaviour of the lamps, etc.

Many lighthouses now possess wireless sets by which the keepers may enjoy broadcasting entertainments. Obviously the task of the lighthouse-keeper is more exacting and arduous in the winter than in the summer. In the winter season the lamps have to be lighted as early as 3.15 p.m. and are not extinguished until 8 a.m. next morning. Thus night in and night out throughout the year these traffic policemen of the sea constantly keep watch over the perils of the deep.

F. G. B.

RELIEVING THE LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSE

A THREE DAYS' STRUGGLE WITH THE ATLANTIC GALES: The relief boat attempting to make contact with the Longships Lighthouse, Carn Bras Island, Land's End, in order to take the lighthousemen ashore for Christmas. The first attempt was made on Sunday, December 17, but it was not until the following Tuesday that the work was completed after an intense struggle against the fury of the wind and mountainous waves

A LULL IN THE STORM: A view taken from the boat after it left the Longships Lighthouse following the relief

Heavy seas made the relief of the lighthouse an unusually difficult task which would not normally have been attempted. As it was Christmas, however, and the wives of the lighthousemen particularly wanted their husbands to be ashore, an attempt was made which only succeeded after three days of hectic battling with the waves. These pictures give some idea of the conditions with which the relief boat had to contend

MANŒUVRING THE RELIEF BOAT NEAR THE LIGHTHOUSE: At times the seas were so violent that the slightest error of judgment would have resulted in the boat being splintered into matchwood against the stonework

THREE WEEKS OLD: The Malayan lemur caught by the writer of the accompanying article

AT NINE MONTHS: This Malayan lemur, which was caught when only a few weeks old, was not as difficult to tame as most members of his kind. He has developed a passion for fruit, which he is seen stealing from a tea tray, and never fails, if opportunity offers, to drink the dregs from cocktail glasses

FAT AND PROSPEROUS: The lemur after four months in captivity

LIVING ON THE FAT OF THE LAND: The Malayan lemur balances neatly on the edge of the sofa as he takes tea with the family

THE MALAYAN LEMUR

A Timid Creature of the Jungle that Makes a Delightful House Pet

The little animal seen in these pictures is the Malayan variety of the lemur family.

Living almost entirely in the jungle and possessing a highly nervous nature they are rarely seen in the open spaces. In captivity they are not entirely successful unless caught in the baby stage, then only with patience, gentle handling, and suitable feeding the confidence of these timid little creatures may be gained, when they become delightful little house pets.

I have heard them accused of being "vicious," but I consider it a libel. They have no form of protection (not even eyelashes) other than the teeth, so naturally when frightened they use the only weapon of defence they possess. Nocturnal by nature, they hunt for food during the night; fruits of the jungle, grasshoppers, moths, etc., constitute their normal diet. Although Nature provides the lemur with a thick fur coat of grey to fawn colour, trimmed with a dark brown stripe about ½-in. wide, reaching from nose to stubby tail, they still are very susceptible to colds and pneumonia. The hands are shaped much like human hands, fingers and nails, and deeply-marked palms, but the forefinger is very short; its strength lies in the hind quarters, strong flexible feet resembling a larger pair of hands rather than feet, the big toe being widely spaced from the rest to allow a good big grasp, and the little toe, unlike its neighbours, ends in a claw which is used to pick beetles from tree bark.

I am writing of the one I possess at the moment. He was found on a rubber estate whilst Chinese coolies were felling trees, and unused to the lemur they immediately decided that he must be "vicious."

Taking him on the end of a long pole to the estate office, they assured the clerk that they had captured an "orang utan" (man of the jungle). I had one of the species before so quickly recognized and claimed this baby animal as my own. He appeared to be about a fortnight old, very starved, dirty, and frightened, but with constant sips of milk he was soon got into good condition, and acquired a taste for fruits of all sorts. His meat meal, which had to be caught for him at this early stage, consisted almost entirely of grasshoppers. These he ate in the most revolting manner; sitting back on his haunches he held the insect firmly in the left hand, tearing off its limbs with the right. When he was satisfied that all the trimmings had been removed from the joint he placed the whole in his mouth, and from the look of intense enjoyment on his face, and the glisten in his boot-button eyes, I gathered he found it a delicious morsel.

Now he has grown up, he is, of course, able to catch his own food, which he does with great skill, spending three or four hours in the roof of the house every evening for that purpose. He has a supply of fruit and a saucer of milk left for him each night in a certain place; in the morning it is all cleared up and he has retired to sleep. His "night" begins with the breaking of the day; he may be found in a linen-basket, a coat-pocket, or a pigeon-hole of the writing-desk. His sleeping attitude is amazing—tucking his head well into the pit of his stomach he encircles it with his hind legs, with the result that he looks like a ball of wool. It is inadvisable to disturb him during the day—he must be humoured in this; but at afternoon tea he may be called, as seen in the photo. He takes his fruit at the tea-table with the household, a bit of anything will suit him, but his favourite fruit is banana and persimmon; he is a clean little fellow and does not like very juicy fruit that he cannot manipulate easily. He also enjoys a cocktail, and if not watched closely he will go from glass to glass clearing up heel-taps. We do not encourage this habit as he gets very bad-tempered and is not a gentleman in his cups!

D. O. S.

A SOCIABLE CLIMBER! A delightful picture taken when the lemur was three months old

LITTLE-KNOWN FALLS ON THE GRENFELL RIVER, LABRADOR

And a New Aerial View of the Victoria Falls, Rhodesia

THIS REMARKABLE AERIAL VIEW was taken on the Grenfell River (a tributary of the Hamilton), Labrador. Surprisingly little has been discovered about this region until recent years, and it is not possible to identify the falls with any certainty. Mr. Varick Frissell, who explored the river a few years ago, described two such falls in an article in the *Geographical Journal* in April, 1927. It seems possible, therefore, that they are the Yale and the Grenfell. This part of Labrador is of particular interest as it is rich in minerals, and it is thought possible with such immense water power at hand that it may eventually be opened up on a large scale

O

On right—THE VICTORIA FALLS, which Dr. Livingstone discovered in 1855, are probably the most imposing in the world. They stand on the Zambesi River on the boundary between Northern and Southern Rhodesia, and are only a few miles from the town of Livingstone. This new aerial picture shows the water plunging into the mile-long chasm, and the spray shooting high into the air and partially obscuring the view. On the left is the Zambesi railroad bridge on the great main line system which runs from Capetown to Northern and Southern Rhodesia and the Belgian Congo. In the distance is the Victoria Falls Hotel. The best way to see the Falls is by traversing the Rain Forest which stands on the neck of land between the bridge and the chasm

d

H.M.A.S. "CANBERRA": A cruiser of the Royal Australian Navy. She has a displacement of 10,000 tons and a normal complement of 679

A NAVY LEAGUE CADET on the bridge of the training ship in the Brisbane River. The League has a similar objective to the British organization of the same name, and is doing excellent work in encouraging young Australians to become sea-minded

AUSTRALIA'S NEW NAVY

The Commonwealth's Revived Interest in the Service

The recent awakening of public opinion in Britain as to our weakness in naval defence is finding its echo throughout the Empire where, unfortunately, the fleets which were started with so much enthusiasm after the War have most of them been allowed to drop to a very low standard, Everywhere there is to be seen what may, without undue optimism, be described as the beginnings of a revival. India, New Zealand, Canada—even South Africa, where naval interest is always apt to be low owing to a comforting feeling that the importance of the area as a focal point of trade will ensure the presence of Imperial ships when needed—all are showing signs of a revived realization of the importance of naval defence. But Australia, maintaining her own Navy, is the most important of all, and the revival there is most gratifying.

Before it was allowed to drop into its present very poor condition, principally owing to economic pressure which is not always understood in this country, the Australian Navy had built up for itself a history of which the Commonwealth might well be proud. It has never been one of unchecked progress, it is true, but it contains many very bright spots which will easily earn forgiveness for any backsliding or political reversal between whiles.

Australia's naval effort was begun by individual States between the 'sixties and the early 'eighties, but in those days they considered the defence of their own coasts only, seldom the dangers of neighbouring States, and certainly not the defence of trade. A coast defence monitor, several gunboats, and a number of small torpedo boats were built during that period, unimportant in themselves, but a valuable expression of the colonists' willingness to help the Royal Navy, and excellent for training. The Australians have always had that "ship-mindedness" which the Americans have been at such pains to encourage artificially; they have always loved the sea and are fine, natural seamen. But the greatest result of all these minor movements was that they began to think in naval terms.

The first really great step was made in 1887, when the Colonial Conference was held in London. As a result of it the Royal Navy built a squadron of commerce-protection cruisers, very little ships by modern standards but regarded as excellent in their day, and exact sisters to others in our own Navy, and a few torpedo gunboats. Australia agreed to maintain this fleet up to a certain agreed sum per annum, and Royal Naval Volunteer divisions were started which supplied very useful men. When the ships were worn out naval opinion was focused on the North Sea only—it had not yet realized that Germany's actions would be felt all over the world—with the result that they were not replaced and the Australian Navy disappeared except for the veterans under State ownership which have already been mentioned. They proved very useful for training the youngsters who would not be discouraged from their love of the sea, but Australian naval defence was for some years left entirely to the Imperial fleet.

Then in 1909 was held a great Imperial Conference which decided on the essential strategical principle that in war time the Imperial fleet in the Pacific was to be made up of various squadrons, working under the leadership of the senior British officer. Most of the colonies concerned contributed cash generously for the obvious needs of the Motherland, but Australia preferred to start her own fleet on really serious lines, to be amalgamated with the British in an emergency.

For obvious reasons of strategy and tactics it was laid down that all the ships should be exact sisters to contemporary British ships; the 19,000-ton battle cruiser *Australia* was a sister to H.M.S. *Indefatigable*, while the British "Town" class of protected cruiser, which had been built in considerable numbers for our own service, was copied exactly in the *Sydney* and *Melbourne*, built at home, and the *Brisbane* and *Adelaide*, built in Australian dockyards. The two submarines were exactly the same as the "E" class which made a name for themselves in the North Sea, but the six destroyers were of British design adapted very considerably to suit Australian requirements.

This fleet won a reputation during the War which will never be forgotten. In the history books, of course, the outstanding event was the historic fight between H.M.A.S. *Sydney* and the German raiding cruiser *Emden* which put an end to the career of the most successful corsair in the history of the sea. But in service circles there was even more appreciation for the high state of efficiency into which the Australian Navy had worked itself in spite of the very few years of its existence. It adopted the finest British naval traditions with all the enthusiasm of a young country and never once did it let them down.

After the War the Imperial Government made the Australian Navy a present of the flotilla leader *Anzac*, five war-built destroyers of the "S" class, six submarines of the "J" class and three sloops, while a surveying ship was handed over on indefinite loan. The Australians themselves supplemented this gift by having built two "Washington" cruisers of the 10,000-ton 8-inch gun "County" class in British establishments, an aircraft carrier in an Australian yard, and two big submarines of the "O" class. Exchanges were arranged between the two Navies, Australian ships being periodically replaced in the Squadron by British ships of the same type and putting in a spell working with the British fleet in order to keep right up-to-date with the very latest technical development.

Then, unfortunately, the Australian financial crisis, coupled with politics, froze out the Navy for a time. The "J" class submarines were the first to go, but they had never been altogether suitable for Australian work. The destroyers were paid off into the reserve and allowed to deteriorate, the "O" class submarines were sold to the Royal Navy and practically everything that could be laid up was so treated. Even the surveying ship *Moresby*, which had been doing splendid work on the Australian coast, was axed and for a time the fleet consisted of little more than the two big cruisers, *Australia* and *Canberra*, and the aircraft carrier, *Albatross*.

This lack of material was serious enough for any idea of defence or training, but far worse was the fact that the magnificent *personnel* which had been built up and trained for the Navy was dissipated; once a naval rating is driven back to civilian life he is, for most purposes, lost for all time.

Immediately she had, by colossal effort, contrived to surmount her financial difficulties, Australian thought returned to naval subjects, and the idea of an efficient naval service came to the fore. The Ottawa Treaty has given her a trade that is well worth protecting, and the Australians realize, perhaps better than all too many people do at home, the terrible shortage of cruisers for the purpose. So they have lost no time in making a move.

They have begun quite logically by seeking material for training, for they have realized the essential naval truth that it takes far longer to make an efficient A.B. than to build a battleship. They have arranged for the loan of a flotilla from the Imperial Navy, the flotilla leader *Stuart* and the destroyers *Vendetta*, *Waterhen*, *Vampire*, and *Voyager*. They are not new but they have plenty of life left in them and they are excellent for training; also they have just been thoroughly refitted. They were scheduled to arrive a few days before Christmas; a Royal Naval captain is acting as Captain (D) in the *Stuart*, but all the destroyers are commanded by Australian officers.

The administration aims at "four effective cruisers and five destroyers" as part of its big and carefully thought out plan for national defence which is to include all three arms. This will mean the replacement of the "Town" class cruisers *Brisbane* and *Adelaide* as soon as circumstances permit, for they can no longer be regarded as effective. What Australia intends to do when the destroyers are worn out has not yet been published. Progress in all the Dominions and Colonies is bound to be slow, but the present tendency is more than comforting after years of neglect.

Frank C. Bowen

ROME'S CALEDONIAN MARKET

The Campo de' Fiori—A Glimpse of the Old Rome which is Rapidly Disappearing with the Progress of Mussolini's Reconstruction Schemes

THE SEEKER: A priest searching through second-hand books at the Campo de' Fiori—Rome's picturesque market. It is situated in the heart of the city, and occupies a site where heretics were at one time put to death. People of all classes come to buy, and the market is invariably the scene of great animation

A SLEEPING PARTNER: The huckstress nurses her child and attends to the duties of her stall

A KNOTTY PROBLEM: The Carabiniere chooses a necktie from one of the many clothing stalls in the market

AFTER A MORNING AMONG THE BOOKSTALLS: A priest with some of his purchases. Second-hand books are a great feature of the market

A HAT FOR THE "BAMBINO": Father and son pay a visit to the straw hat seller

VARIEGATED HEADGEAR: One of the hat stalls at the Campo de' Fiori. *Left*—A jumbled array of second-hand furniture, pictures, and plasters

THE MAKING O

Mussolini Constructs New Roads, Imposing Via dell' Impero and

THE REMAINS OF THE TEMPLE OF VENUS GENETRIX: These three striking columns have been reconstructed by Senator Corrado Ricci from stonework discovered during the recent excavations in the Forum of Cæsar. In the background is the new Vittorio Emmanuele monument which in this picture appears much closer to the temple than it actually is

THE NEW ROAD THROUGH THE HEART OF THE CI Emmanuele monument to the Colosseum (in backgro road and every effort has been made to bring int remains of the Temple of Venus Genetrix, which Jul reveal so

On right—THE VIA DELL' IMPERO seen from a platform of the Vittorio Emmanuele monument. This great road, which, up to now, is the most striking example of Mussolini's reconstruction work in Rome, is bordered with gardens and lined on each side with pine and laurel trees

OF MODERN ROME

Through the Slums of the Imperial City—The the New Park near the Castel Sant' Angelo

A general view of the magnificent Via dell' Impero which runs from the Vittorio A mass of squalid buildings has been removed to clear the way for this imposing etter view the ancient monuments in the vicinity. In the foreground are the Cæsar built between the years 48 and 46 B.C. Recent excavations there have me remarkable mural decorations

THE CASTEL SANT' ANGELO which was erected by the Emperor Hadrian as a tomb for himself and his successors. The ground around the mausoleum is now being cleared to make what will eventually be one of the largest parks in Rome

THE "ARCHÆOLOGICAL CATS" OF ROME: During the excavation work near the Capitoline Hill the cats, which used to infest the ancient monuments, caused a serious nuisance by moving to, and creating a disturbance in, more inhabited parts of the city. The problem of how to deal with them was only solved when the Società Zoofila hit upon the brilliant idea of sending some of the creatures to the new town of Littoria, which is being built amidst the reclaimed Pontine Marshes. Here the people were much troubled with rats and mice and were only too glad to accommodate the "Roman outcasts"

Visitors to the Rome of long ago—any time from 1890—may possibly remember a priest-like, scholarly guide, one Venturini, whose thin, stooping figure could be seen any day at the head of his obedient and somewhat embarrassed patrons among the ruins between the Piazza Venezia and the Colosseum. Venturini guides no more. "I am getting old," he told me, "and Rome is getting young. I cannot keep pace with it. I feel myself a stranger in a city of which I thought I knew every stone. Each day there is another tomb, another forum, or another theatre revealed; another fine new street inaugurated; another smelly and overcrowded quarter wiped off the map." He tapped with his bony fingers a little guide-book, of which he was himself the author; "Mussolini's Rome needs a book to itself," he concluded.

It has had a book to itself; more than one. The present Italian Government is far from secretive in these matters, and has no need to be. The most recent of such publications is a large and elaborately illustrated volume with the title *Roma di Mussolini*; there is justification for the implied boast. The most obvious features to strike a visitor in Rome to-day, especially if he come after an interval of ten years, are buildings, streets, parks, and monumental antiquities which were either unconstructed or concealed in 1923. Obvious are not only what has risen in that period, but what has disappeared: dark, overcrowded ghettoes, smelly and unhygienic slums, narrow, badly-paved, and ill-lit streets; all of which is but the beginning of a scheme of demolition and reconstruction staggering in its complexity and costliness.

"Of course, that scheme is essentially a guide—an aspiration so to speak. In details we are obliged from time to time to modify; but

(Continued on p. 52)

DEMOLITION WORK NEAR THE CAPITOLINE HILL: The construction of the Via dell' Impero and of the Via del Mare has isolated on two sides the hill and its great zone of monuments. Historically, this is the most important part of Rome

THE MAKING OF MODERN ROME (cont.)

JULIUS CÆSAR: A statue in the Capitoline Museum

THE NEW VIA DEI TRIONFI which follows the route of the old Via di San Gregorio. On the left is the Colosseum and, in the centre, the Arch of Constantine, the best-preserved structure of its kind in Rome

in sum, the scheme will be put through as it is." Commendatore Virgilio Testa, one of the leading authorities, under Prince Ludovisi, the energetic governor of the city, was referring to the highly complicated and far-sighted town-planning scheme approved by decree in 1931. We were seated in the Commendatore's office, high on the Capitoline Hill. Through the window could be seen a stream of yellow Italian sunshine pouring smoothly over the marbles of the Vittorio Emmanuele monument, which now has the grace of full-grown trees and dainty gardens on its flanks. Traffic whirled through an open space which a few years ago was a clutter of unsightly buildings, and disappeared in streets not more than a month or two old. "You see," said Commendatore Testa, "that is where we began."

We climbed the Capitoline Hill to get a better view of the work done in this part of the city. A year ago you could see hardly anything of value either on or from the Capitol, which was a jam of humble dwellings built for the most part during the time when the site shared with the Forum Romanum the privilege of being the recognized grazing-grounds for goats and oxen; the medieval name of Monte Caprino, Hill of Goats, recalls the degradation of one of the two most famous of Rome's seven hills. Parts of it were charmingly pictorial, especially when transferred to canvas; one misses, sentimentally, a courtyard, a narrow, violet lane with high awning of honey-coloured sunlight, a Murilloesque group of urchins by a fountain; but such characteristics were part and parcel of a general squalor degrading in itself, and doubly so in contrast to the associations of the site it littered.

The west and south slopes of the Capitoline Hill were recently freed. The splendidly adorned southern slope, with the senatorial and magisterial palaces, and the Capitoline Museum, naturally remains unaltered: and the Church of the Aracoeli still dominates the north side. Between, all is changed. On the site of large tenement areas that concealed the Capitol from the lower levels of the fora, and concealed the fora themselves from the Capitol, are gardens of pine and laurels, planted fully grown. It was freely prophesied that the trees, when so transplanted, would die; but even the trees of Italy have heard of Mussolini! On the side of the Piazza della Consolazione the live rock has been exposed, and the removal of medieval walls along this slope has revealed this series of so-called grottoes, which are really ancient quarries with superimposed galleries leading in some cases right across the hill. One of these grottoes used to be a famous wine tavern; perhaps you remember it. Well, the tavern has been removed to a sufficiently exact replica built deep under the smart Via Veneto.

Thus is the great ganglion of Roman life restored somewhat to its ancient functions and significance. "Mussolini," said an Italian friend, "is making our Roman traditions more real to us. He is giving the Rome of to-day continuity with the Rome of Cæsar." He is certainly bringing the Rome of Cæsar closer, in terms of its memorials, to the Rome of United Italy. The view from the Capitol now reveals an uninterrupted succession of fora from the Piazza Venezia to the Colosseum. Directly below, dominated to the north by the Palatine Hill, is the Forum Romanum. On the left, freed of all the squalid and tawdry impediments that had grown up on the site during the last 500 years, are the Fora of Trajan (with the graceful hemicycle of Trajan's Markets), Augustus, Nerva, and Peace; and the charming fifteenth-century loggia of the Knights of Rhodes, now revealed for the first time since the close of the sixteenth century. At the end, beyond Constantine's basilica and the Temple of Venus and Rome, rise the huge walls of the Colosseum, a brave climax to this superb panorama.

Dead straight through the imposing procession, the gleam of which is broken, or rather softened, by formal groups of pine and laurel, runs the new, wide Via dell' Impero, connecting the Vittoriano, symbol of the new Italy, with the Colosseum, symbol of the old. It is the first of the great highways constructed by Mussolini in the heart of the ancient city, and is one of the most magnificent streets in the world. Gardens border it, and at the edge of the pavements are heroic-sized statues of the emperors reproduced in bronze from original works scattered among the museums of Europe. In the gardens by the fora sit little children, learning their lessons, as they used to do in the Forum Julium, where the walls of the Basilica Argentaria were recently found to be covered with alphabets, declensions, and quotations from Virgil; and when their dark eyes wander, they wander to much the same scenes as did their predecessors nearly two thousand years ago.

It should be easy for anyone with the slightest notion of Rome to visualize the significance and enchantment of the new street. Rome, you will remember, is practically cut in half by the Corso Umberto, which runs in a straight line from the Piazza del Popolo to the Piazza Venezia. There, at the Piazza Venezia, you came to the end of system, though not to the end of Rome, which for some people only begins at that point. Behind the Vittorio Emmanuele monument, which dominates the piazza, lay the Forum Romanum, almost the only site between the Capitol and the Colosseum which was free of uninteresting and unhealthy buildings, many of which were either built in or on the ancient city's ruins. More than half the monuments now exposed were invisible. Now, as you pass through the Piazza Venezia and the widened Forum Italicum, you are confronted with a kind of monumental boulevard, set between green, tree-planted plots, with the heart of ancient Rome laid bare on each side. Small wonder that guide-books have fallen suddenly out of date!

The completion of the Imperial Way was followed by the construction of a second great highway in this zone, to be known as the Via del Mare, or Way of the Sea, which runs from the opposite base of the Capitoline Hill, by the side of the reclaimed Theatre of Marcellus, and thence in a more or less straight line to the sea. In the construction of the Via del Mare almost the whole of the ghetto, which formerly spread in a jumble of small streets and dark alleys from the Synagogue to far beyond the Theatre of Marcellus, which it had utterly suffocated, was pulled down. Wide streets, gardens, and the imposing tiers and arches of the theatre have taken the place of what was virtually an area of slums. *Aria e Luce!* Air and Light! That was Mussolini's demand from his architects and engineers; and so, one by one, the slums of Rome are disappearing. It is astonishing how a State, when directed by a single will, finds the means to accomplish great reforms which many wills together only succeed in pronouncing impracticable.

The deliverance of the Theatre of Marcellus from the warren of small shops and hovels that hemmed it in and stuffed up its archways and galleries, and the levelling of the cleared area to the theatre's base, have given to Rome a new monument of immense significance. The theatre was built by Julius Cæsar near the Forum Holitorium, of which some of the arcades where market-gardeners displayed their produce have been unearthed. On the opposite side of the Forum excavations have uncovered parts of several temples, including the important Temple of Apollo, and the whole area of the Forum is open now to the sun and air. Close to the Theatre of Marcellus a charming little fifteenth-century house was revealed, and in one of its raftered chambers Professor Antonio Muñez, who is in charge of the archæological side of the town-planning scheme, explained to me—or rather, indicated, for explanations have already filled several large monographs written by the professor—some aspects of the scheme from the point of view of his department: "Not only the topography of ancient Rome, and the lay-out of the city at various periods of its history, but the daily life of the city become increasingly revealed to us each day." It should be remembered, however, that the scheme is not, essentially, archæological. It simply happens that you cannot lay down a new street, or pull down an old house, in such a city as Rome without involving yourself in the city's archæology.

The Via dell' Impero and the Via del Mare, beginning one on the east and the other on the west of the Capitoline Hill, have thus isolated on two sides the great zone of monuments covering the significant area of the ancient city. The isolation of a third side has just been completed by the construction of the monumental Via dei Trionfi, or Way of Triumphs, opened with appropriate pomp at the end of October on the occasion of the eleventh anniversary of the Fascist Revolution. The new road lies between the Cœlian and Palatine Hills, contributing to their isolation. It follows the route of the old Via di San Gregorio, passing through the Arch of Constantine, the base of which is now on the same level as the road, and very likely corresponds with the ancient Via Triumphalis itself, which must have lain in this, its most important section, between the Circus Maximus and the Sacred Way. The road, beginning at the Arch of Constantine, leads to an open space dominated by the Septizonium on the Palatine, with the Circus Maximus on the right and the Baths of Caracalla on the left. It represents the first step toward the isolation of the Palatine, parts of which are already seen to much greater advantage. The demolition of the Via dei Cerchi and the building of still another new road through, or alongside, the Circus Maximus will complete the isolation of the Palatine.

With the successful conclusion of work on this central zone, one of the main features of the Roman town-planning scheme will have been fulfilled; but it is far from being the only feature. Work is already proceeding in the neighbourhood of the Mausoleum of Augustus, which is to be entirely isolated from the mass of dwellings that now press close upon it. In place of this overcrowded area will come an ornamental piazza: and beyond that, whole streets and blocks of buildings are being reconstructed. It is expected that by these works not only will Rome be beautified, but its traffic will be speeded up enormously as a result of the widening of existing streets, and the construction of more direct highways linking the busy quarters.

Roy Elston

THE AMERICAN KALEIDOSCOPE

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS PROVIDES WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED: Thousands of men were busy clearing the streets of New York after one of the worst snowstorms of recent years. This picture was taken in Fifth Avenue

WINTER ON THE DETROIT RIVER: Heavy floes complicated the work of raising this vessel, which sank after springing a plate while nosing through the ice-laden river

THE OPENING OF THE NEW YORK OPERA SEASON: A general view of the auditorium at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, before the production of Deems Taylor's *Peter Ibbetson*

A MEMBER OF NEW YORK'S ANTI-TAMMANY ADMINISTRATION: Mr. Irving Ben Cooper, a thirty-one-year-old lawyer, who has been appointed counsel to the Commissioner of Accounts. During the Seabury investigation he distinguished himself by ferreting out corrupt practices among the city's officials

THE FIRST POST-WAR GERMAN NAVAL ATTACHÉ IN THE U.S.A.: Diplomatic relations between the German and United States Navies were resumed when Captain Robert Witthoeft (above) arrived to take up his duties in Washington. During the War he served on the *Emden*, the famous German light cruiser

THE FIRST NIGHT AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK: Lucrezia Bori being welcomed by the chairman (left) and prominent officials of the opera company. She took the part of the Duchess of Towers in *Peter Ibbetson*

SUSPECTS: The five men on the left of this picture were arrested on suspicion of being the murderers of the Primate of the Armenian Church in America. He was stabbed to death before the High Altar as he was preparing to celebrate Mass on Christmas morning

BOOKS

Mr. R. H. Wilenski's "Outline of English Painting" — An Admirable Guide for Visitors to the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition — A New Work on Napoleon as Consul and Emperor

By CECIL ROBERTS

It is the sign of a wise man that in later life he is still willing to learn. When **Dean Inge** wrote his *England* there were loud protests against his strict candour. He did not flatter his fellow countrymen, he thought some of them lazy, he thought England was going downhill, that democracy was on the high road to bankruptcy. To the politicians who went on cheerfully spending the money of the public, to the public who went on cheerfully living on the money of the Government, Dean Inge seemed a gloomy child at the glorious tea-party. They dubbed him the "gloomy Dean," turned him into a public character that was almost a public guy, and forbade him to laugh.

DEAN INGE, whose book, *England*, is now in its fifth impression. Much that he foretold when it was first published has since come to pass

Time has proved him right in almost everything he foretold. Disaster overtook the spendthrifts, and the £5 note lost its proud rustle abroad. At home we got rid of democratic government and established a National Government, with a Prime Minister borrowed from a sinking ship. Taxation was increased, economy demanded, and only when the world had lost all faith in our financial stability did we pull ourselves together on the edge of the precipice towards which the Dean had seen us careering so gaily.

He has now written a preface for a new impression, the fifth, of his wise and interesting book, **England (Benn. 18s.).** Very easily and justifiably he might have cried, "What did I tell you?" He might have claimed the unsullied mantle of the prophet, have taken the Normans by their beards and the Ramsays by their tails, and proved them to be children running amok in the money market. Nobly he has refrained. He has even confessed to certain errors of judgment made in his hour of alarm.

"My readers will be amused to see, if they compare this with earlier editions, that the too strident Conservatism, which was possibly excusable in the year of the General Strike, has almost disappeared. I have not changed my mind about the would-be wreckers of our social order; but it has now become plain that unemployment is a far more serious problem than I realized seven years ago, and that the drain of the national wealth in relieving the distress caused by it, disastrous as it is, cannot be avoided. To speak unsympathetically of the men and women who are prevented by circumstances over which they have no control from earning their living, would be unpardonable."

Thus much has the Dean changed his ground. His stern view of the social wreckers is unaltered, but his sympathy is deeper, realizing the permanence of the problem. That we are still suffering from the folly of the General Strike, that we shall always suffer from that strike, every economist knows. It lost us markets we shall never regain. The Dean's denunciation of the engineers of that folly remains, rightly, unaltered in word and spirit. He also stands by his guns in the much-criticized passage in which he warned us not to place any reliance on the friendship of the United States. "I wrote with restraint on the subject. I might have said much more," he remarks in the preface, and proceeds to quote a regretably bellicose passage from the mouth of Theodore Roosevelt concerning Canada.

It is clear that Dean Inge still believes our population must be reduced and we must become self-sufficing. He does not think there is any deterioration in the national character, though our greatness must decline under the pressure of exterior competition. Salvation rests in the preservation of agriculture, and the present passion for internationalism is a phase that will pass after severe disillusionment, and nationalism will assume its former dominance.

Read in the light of our recent experiences Dean Inge's book wears astonishingly well. The fears that seemed so dark, the prophecies that sounded like threats, the musings that we heard as croakings, now turn out to be far less gloomy in retrospect than when they were first poured upon the reader. I suppose to the end of his days the Dean will trail the epithet: Gloomy as the heels of his gaitered legs. The British public has come to love him so. Let us hope it will re-read this admirable book. Had we foreseen one half of the things that have happened to us in the last four years we should have worn an expression that would have made the Dean seem mirthful in contrast, a bland Grock smiling through a long performance of errors.

The forthcoming Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy has been anticipated by a large number of books, important, general, and trivial, dealing with the history of British art. The average visitor to the exhibition, who scarcely knows anything about the personal history of the artists and does not trouble to analyze the reasons for his preferences, that is, he who enjoys art without the fatigue of studying it, will find **An Outline of English Painting, by R. H. Wilenski (Faber and Faber. 2s.),** an admirable guide. It is biographical, concise, and never pontifical. We are informed that Joshua Reynolds was not only a great artist, but a great *arriviste*. I have never been told this before, but it at once gives the clue to a feeling always evoked in me by Reynolds's portraits. He liked important people, he wished to preserve the *status quo*. He knew exactly what his sitters felt about themselves.

"He set the same value on success, authority, wealth, and social power that they did; he was able to understand their basic assumptions and desires, because those assumptions and desires were his own; and he could thus represent his sitters as successful and wealthy people, wielding social power and authority, without subordinating his own will or his own outlook to theirs."

I like Mr. Wilenski's downrightness. He is never humbugged by the glamour of a name. I remember that as a boy in form I sat opposite a reproduction of Burne-Jones's "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid." That picture, with its inane figures, so irritated me that one day I deliberately collided with a blackboard. My hope was realized. Its collapse smashed the hateful picture, and it disappeared. Now I find my dislike of the work was not unfounded. I thought it an idiotic composition. Mr. Wilenski justifies my antipathy. He says of it: "Thus he elaborated 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid' into the silliest possible still-life record of two models posing in fancy dress on a heap of Wardour Street bric-à-brac in his studio."

It is this outspoken honesty that delights me in reading Mr. Wilenski's brochure. I have been asked almost to genuflect in front of Sir John Millais' work. He was, indeed, the Smart Alec of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and, adds Mr. Wilenski, maliciously and deliciously, "Millais fell in love with Ruskin's wife, whom he married in 1855. Meanwhile, he had been made an Associate of the Royal Academy, and from that time onwards he degenerated ever more as an artist and had ever more and more material success till in the end he was a knight and President of the Royal Academy, and able to charge £2,000 for a portrait."

"PORTRAIT OF RUSKIN," BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS: This picture, which has been lent to the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition by Sir W. H. Dyke Acland, was begun by Millais while spending a holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin. Mr. R. H. Wilenski describes in his newly-published *Outline of English Painting* how the artist fell in love with and married Mrs. Ruskin

If you have any desire to see yourself as other nations see you, historically speaking, then the history books of foreign nations make surprising reading. Whilst the guest of an American fraternity house—one of those boarding houses taking their names from initials of the Greek alphabet, which constitute the dwelling place of students at American universities—I chanced to pick up a history text-book belonging to my host. What I read there about England, its treatment of America during the War of Independence, and its wily wickedness ever after, left me in no further doubt as to the origin, Irish sources apart, of American antipathy. It is good to hear both sides. German history books on Waterloo would tell Wellington something he never knew and would be unlikely to accept. They provide a version quite as surprising as anything Bill Adams had to reveal. I turned, therefore, to the forbidding-looking **The Consulate and the Empire, by Louis Madelin (Heinemann. 15s.),** with interest. It is the ninth volume of the national history of France. It has marginal headings which make it look like a school text-book. Some of the author's footnotes have an irritating pomposity. Why inform us that "I have been able to make use of a certain number of unpublished manuscripts, the source of which I cannot at present disclose but which I am waiting to mention when my far more important work on . . . etc."?

But the book is not nearly so bad as it at first appears. It is, indeed, brightly written, well proportioned, and extremely balanced. Looked at with English eyes, in those chapters where our own anti-Napoleon activities are narrated, the author writes without rancour and has a just estimate of English virtues and vices. His treatment of the Battle of Trafalgar is a case in point. Perhaps he is a little unfair to the unhappy Villeneuve in his generous tribute to British seamanship. His story of the Great Blockade reveals that Napoleon was justified in resorting to this measure, and it might have succeeded if it had been less speedily organized. M. Madelin puts his finger on its weakness when he observes that "nations are far more ready to sacrifice their liberties than to subject themselves to daily inconvenience." Thus the proclamation of the blockade became an empty threat.

This history covers the years 1789–1809 and includes the victories of Austerlitz and Wagram. It is a miracle that Austria ever recovered from her treatment at the hands of Napoleon. That she rose again after the Treaty of Vienna might well fill her with hope after the severe Treaty of Versailles. I do not think it is because the author is a Frenchman that the Prussians play such a dark rôle in this drama. They appear to have possessed from their origin an unpleasant capacity for mischief in Europe. Even Napoleon found them a match. M. Madelin is most pleasant to read and a master of lucid exposition.

The film and the play, *Mädchen in Uniform*, are so well known that it robs the tardily appearing novel of any element of surprise. But even so, **The Child Manuela, by Christa Winsloe (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.)**, makes good reading, and is as moving as were the film and dramatic versions. Here is a revelation of the soulless Prussian system, with its jackboot grinding the very heart of childhood. It is so psychologically conscious that it makes a crime of the innocent hero-worship of a romantic child. The character of Fräulein von Bernburg is magnificently conceived, and is as arresting in the book as elsewhere. This novel should not be missed by those who have enjoyed either the film or the play. It reveals the source of both in its original and therefore more moving form.

A tireless inventive capacity characterizes **Mr. Dennis Wheatley's** new novel, **Black August (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.).** This book is a vision of collapse and revolution in England, some time in the future, following the ruin of the Continent after suicidal strife. When Miss Ann Croome met young Lord Fane in a railway carriage she had some unflattering things to say about politicians. Footmen with silver salvers, comic Cockney servants, a kissing affair that begins before midnight and seems to go on until dawn, and an obscure young lady who considers that it shows independence to be rude to a duke's son—all these things I find perturbing. But the story triumphs over this stage scenery and carries the reader along at headlong pace. There is a terrifying vision of hunger in the towns and of men driven desperate.

On page 64 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

"... must take a something to keep out the cold! ..."

old song

Make Your TODDY with

DEWAR'S

THE FAMOUS "White Label" FENDS OFF THE 'FLU'

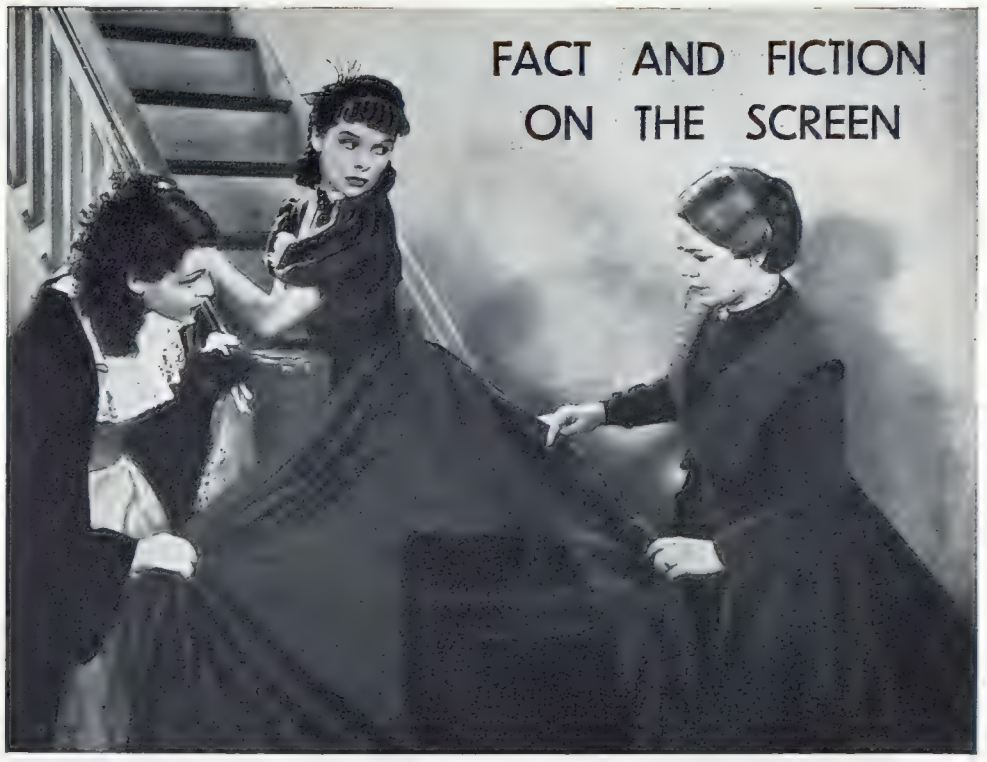
Here's Health

IT is the keen flavour of Kent hops and the wholesome quality of British barley, brewed to perfection in Whitbread's Pale Ale, that make it so refreshing and reinvigorating after a strenuous round. It keeps its tone and brilliance in any part of the world.

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

Issued by Whitbread & Co., Ltd., Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. I.P.S.

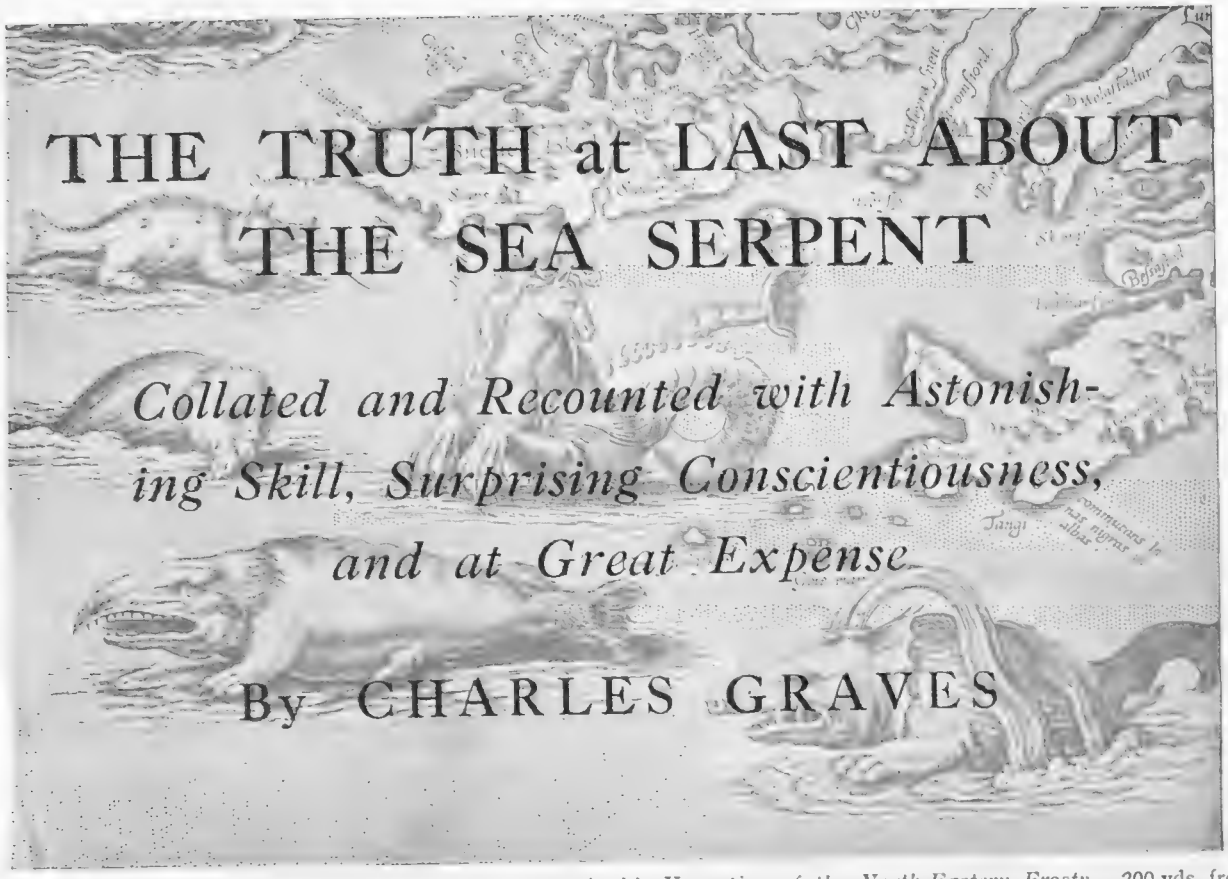
AMERICA'S RECORD-BREAKING BOX OFFICE DRAW: Katharine Hepburn as Jo in the screen version of Louisa M. Alcott's famous novel, *Little Women*



JO IN TROUBLE AGAIN: Katharine Hepburn (centre) in a scene from *Little Women*, the new R.K.O.-Radio film which has been packing New York cinemas to capacity. Miss Hepburn's interpretation of the character of the forceful Jo has been generally praised by American critics

THE LITTLE WOMEN: Joan Bennett as Amy, Spring Byington as the mother, Frances Dee as Meg, Jean Parker (at the piano) as Beth, and Katharine Hepburn as Jo in another scene from *Little Women*. The film will be shown in the West End before the end of the month

"THE AFFAIRS OF VOLTAIRE": Two scenes from the historical screen drama which has scored such a marked success at the Regal. George Arliss, in the title role, paints a somewhat flattering picture of the great philosopher and man of letters, revealing largely the noble side of his character and his unswerving efforts on behalf of the oppressed. The action of the film takes place entirely in the reign of Louis XV. *Left*—Doris Kenyon as Madame Pompadour. *Right*—The Doctor (David Torrence) reprimands Voltaire (George Arliss) for disobeying instructions and taxing his strength



THE TRUTH at LAST ABOUT THE SEA SERPENT

Collated and Recounted with Astonishing Skill, Surprising Conscientiousness, and at Great Expense

By CHARLES GRAVES

Most New Year resolutions are broken almost before they are resolved. One that I did not break was to discover the real truth about sea serpents as far as it is known. Having scoured newspaper offices, ancient works of reference, and modern compendiums about these brutes, one comes to the conclusion that there are definitely three well-established sea serpents with unimpeachable references.

The first is the sea serpent of Stronsay. It was washed ashore in Scotland in 1808. Patrick Neill, a local naturalist, arrived on the scene and measured it. It was 55 ft. long with the girth of an Orkney pony and a long mane. Even though it was there for all to see, a fierce argument arose as to its species. Some said it was a sea serpent; others they said Nay, it was a "rabbit fish" or a "basking shark"! Some of the fragments were collected and ultimately reached the Royal Scottish Museum and are still there for all to see. According to James Ritchie, of the Natural History Department of the University of Aberdeen, these fragments show that they are part of the backbone of a "gristly" fish.

Forty years later came the *Dædalus* serpent, as it is called, because it was seen by the captain, the officers, and the crew of His Majesty's frigate *Dædalus*. It was seen for twenty minutes on the voyage between the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena. Sixty feet of its body were visible in a straight line on the surface. It was calculated that there must have been at least another 40 ft. under water. It was "travelling" at 15 m.p.h. Its jaws were full of jagged teeth!

The third sea serpent generally accepted in the best monstrous circles is the *Valhalla* sea serpent. There is every kind of evidence about this chap. Two scientists, Mr. E. G. B. Meade-Waldo and Mr. J. Nicholl, were cruising off Brazil in 1905 in Lord Crawford's yacht *Valhalla*. They saw "a huge serpent-like dark green body showing 6 ft. of fringed back above the surface, and 3 ft. more in front of the frill, part of an 8-ft. neck. It had a turtle-like head and a white belly." The experts could not tell its full length, but they saw a dark shadow behind and beneath the frill suggesting endless possibilities. They were genuinely scared; their hands quivered like aspens, and Lord Crawford afterwards said that even if they had had cameras they could not possibly have taken the photograph, they were trembling so much. Both experts drew pictures of what they saw as soon as they had recovered.

Now for the other sea serpents. Sea serpents figure in the mythology of most island races and seafaring nations. Norwegians have for centuries believed in the Kraken. The Irish believe in the Gorramooloch, a sea serpent which flies in the air, can be 100 ft. long, but "leaps principally at night." Aristotle refers to the giant sea serpents which attacked the Libyan galleys and sunk them. The Burmese believe in the Nyam. And so it goes.

The nephew of the Italian Minister to Norway, in his *Narrative of the North-Eastern Frosty Seas*, in 1552 talked of sea serpents of "huge bigness." The next recorded sea serpent was observed in 1638 off Lynn in Massachusetts. In 1734 Bishop Egede saw a sea serpent off Greenland. It had a long, sharp snout and blew water like a whale. It had large, broad jaws and was over 100 ft. long. Twelve years later Captain De Ferry described a monster with a head like a horse, black eyes, and a white mane. Nine years later we come to the illustrious Bishop Pontoppidan of Bergen. He is generally considered as the author of the legend of the sea serpent which he describes at great length, giving various instances. His sea serpents were capable of devouring several oxen at a time, and were equally as good on land as they were on the water. For some reason or other all well-established sea serpents, with one exception, travel whether on land or sea at 15 miles an hour—no more and no less.

It begins to become noticeable at this point that an extraordinarily high percentage of observers of sea serpents have been clerical dignitaries of some kind or other. After the Bishop of Bergen, twelve years later comes the Bishop of Droubleim, who vouched for a local sea serpent. Mr. McLean, the minister of Eigg, described a sea serpent 80 ft. long in 1809. Sixty-two years later the Rev. J. Brown, of Kilkee, saw one with a head like a horse a few yards away from him. Not to be outdone, the Rev. John Macrae and the Rev. David Tuppenny saw one a year later on the west coast of Scotland.

These clerical sponsors of the sea serpent continue into the present century, when a clergyman on holiday at Tintagel in 1908 said that he had seen a maned sea serpent of which 20 ft. showed above the surface about 200 yds. from the shore.

The other main class of sea serpent scrutineers are, not surprisingly, captains and chief officers of ships. Taking instances at random, we find that the captain of the French gunboat *Décidée* saw an enormous turtle-headed sea serpent off Haiphong in 1904 with a 100-ft. tail and a soft black skin with marble spots, blowing up two jets of water to a height of 50 ft. This chap was unusual. He seems to be the only sea serpent on record who cruised at half speed at eight knots.

The second officer of the SS. *Corinthian* claimed to have seen a remarkable monster on August 30, 1913, in mid-ocean. He said that it had bonny blue eyes, cried like a child, possessed a neck 20 ft. long, a body 50 ft. long, long ears and a snout, five big flapping fins, and a brownish-yellow undercarriage. His name—I mean the man who saw it—was Mr. G. Batchelor, and he actually drew what he saw.

ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE STRONSAY MONSTER, which was washed ashore in Scotland in 1808

PART OF A VENETIAN MAP OF T... sea serpent loomed la...

In 1875 an instance was recorded of a sea serpent attacking a school of sperm whales off Sicily. Apparently it curled itself round its victim's body like a boa constrictor, and there were loud cracking sounds as the whale's ribs broke under the strain.

The most interesting case was that of the *Armadale Castle* sea serpent of 1905—interesting because it was made immortal by Rudyard Kipling, who happened to be on the ship at the time of the occurrence. At 3 p.m. on December 20, latitude 3 degrees south of the Equator, the ship's perpendicular stern struck a sea serpent in the middle, thus doubling the head across the port side, and the body and tail along the starboard side of the bows. The marks left by its terrible flippers showed it was 57 ft. long, allowing for the bend. It was estimated at being 8 ft. in diameter. It had a blunt, barrel-shaped head. Its right eye was large and protruding, though this may well have been brought about, says a sympathetic spectator, "by the dreadfully strained position of the poor, struggling brute. Everybody on board grieved that such a magnificent specimen of God's beautiful creation should have been done to death in so ignoble a manner." You probably remember Kipling's story, *Matter of Fact*. It tells of an Englishman, an American, and a Dutchman who were on a voyage and saw a monstrous sea serpent. The Dutchman and the American (they were all professional writers) decided after a long time that no editor or publisher would accept the story as being true, and gave it up as a bad job. The Englishman, on the other hand, wrote it and submitted it for publication as a work of fiction. That is just what Rudyard Kipling did. It is therefore really a tale within a tale.

The late Lord Northcliffe had a great deal to do with the sea serpent stories. Being the most brilliant journalist of all time, he realized, of course, that man is essentially superstitious and ready to believe in the weird and the unusual, if only to take his mind off the dreary routine of his everyday life. Everybody likes to gossip and have something at which to be surprised. It furnishes an admirable topic of conversation and gives everybody a chance of trying out his talent as a story-teller. There is no law against telling fibs about sea serpents. Nobody can check up on you, so your gift of elaboration costs nothing and affords a great deal of pleasurable publicity.

Thus it was that at the beginning of this century the sea serpent season genuinely came into being. It was at least as regular as the arrival of the letters at the newspaper offices about the first cuckoo of the year. There are many references to the sea serpent season in the newspapers of the day, for they were even more sceptical about it then than they are in 1934. Commenting on the story of the 30-ft. long sea serpent with three fins, a scaly head, and red goggle eyes seen in September, 1908, at Donaghadee, an editorial comment was that the season had begun later than usual. Three years before that another newspaper joyously announced that the German Navy had issued directions to naval officers as to their behaviour in the emergency of meeting a sea serpent. Whether this was true or not I have no means of telling.

A sea serpent with a fine moustache was the contribution of 1906. That of 1912 was one at Amherst Island, Ontario, which stole cans of milk and food. This is the only recorded instance of a dishonest sea serpent. In most instances they appear to be law-abiding, harmless, rather timid fellows without an ounce of vice in them.

That same year there was a delicious headline, "What made Miss Rider Haggard?" The novelist's niece reported a sea serpent travelling at 60 m.p.h. out to sea. This was obviously wrong because sea serpents, as I have already pointed out, always travel at 15 m.p.h. A few days later it was conclusively proved that she had seen a flight of terns.

1912 was indeed a vintage year for sea serpents. The late Sir Hiram Maxim said he believed in them and that in 1857 he had known of a sea serpent which would cover a mile in three minutes. When cruising at this speed it was eluded by the mackerel which it was chasing. They jumped out of the water and out of the way fifty at a time. Also in 1912 it was announced that after an absence of forty years a sea serpent with a head like a bucket had reappeared in Lake Minnetonka. This followed a rather lean year. In 1911 Chatham had a sea serpent with green eyes, a cow head, and a hump. But that was the solitary apparition of its kind.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT: The remarkable monster which the second officer of the SS. *Corinthian* observed in mid-ocean in August, 1913. Note the neatly-trimmed beard and moustache

A month before the Great War an Arab sailor fell off a tramp steamer called the *Strathspey* and actually felt the hot breath on his back from a great green serpent which pursued him. Fortunately he escaped and the furious monster bit off the rudder of the boat in his rage, and then turned east at fifty knots—quite the wrong pace, however bad-tempered it had become.

In one very highbrow English magazine a passionate defence of the sea serpent occurred shortly after the War. The writer, after talking about the grey and yellow sea serpent of Captain Melhuish of 1877, and other examples, said with bitterness how regrettable it was that the spirit of ridicule and inane laughter is so prominent when sea serpents are mentioned. He pointed out that the years 1870 to 1878 were unusually prolific in these stories. But by this time derision had done its fell work, and the sea serpent stories from then until the end of the century were significantly few. No doubt, he said, they were seen just as often, but mariners did not wish to be laughed at. That seems fair enough. He ended with a quotation from Montaigne—the one which goes: "Reason has instructed me that to condemn a thing as false and impossible is to presume to set limits to God's will and the power of nature."

I seem to have left out one or two other instances of sea serpents. There was the *Umfuli* sea serpent in 1893, seen off the north-west coast of Africa. He travelled at the accepted speed of 15 m.p.h., was 80 ft. long, and had a swan-like neck. The master of the *Umfuli*, when asked three or four years ago to give further details, refused on the grounds that he had suffered so much ridicule. Three or four years ago the chief officer and the fourth officer of the *Ceramic* saw a sea serpent feeding itself with its flippers between Sydney and Durban; and in May, 1917, H.M.S. *Hilary*, on patrol off Iceland, used an 80-ft. sea serpent as a target for anti-submarine practice. They opened fire at 1,200 yards with 6-pdrs., scored a direct hit, and within ten days were themselves torpedoed and sunk, taking with them all records and photographs of the incident. Nemesis, indeed!

What conclusion can be drawn from all this? The answer seems to be that sea serpents can be suggested by schools of porpoises, ribbon fish, sword fish, the tentacles of big cuttle fish, strands of seaweed, low-flying flights of birds—and drink. Various treatises of an historical and critical nature have been written on the subject of the sea serpent, the most notable being in 1892. The author was A. C. Cudemans, junior, a director of the Royal Zoological and Botanical Society at The Hague. It seems to be generally accepted that the sea serpent, if it exists, has a turtle-like head, a fringe, a length of 80 to 100 ft., a comparatively lean body, an ability to travel at fifteen knots, and great timidity. It is astonishing, however, that, with the exception of the sea serpent of Stronsay, no specimen has ever been seen long enough to be measured from tip to tail.

People with a gift of imagination have described various specimens as having a head like a Newfoundland dog, a horse, a cow, a sheep, a bulldog, and an alligator. Some say that it has a mouth large enough to hold three men. Others say that it has small, twinkling eyes. That seems to be the right note on which to finish.

By the way, do any of you remember Moby Dick?

XTEENTH CENTURY, showing that, even then, the a topic of public interest

BY CAR TO MOUNT SINAI

A Visit to St. Catherine's Monastery, which can be Reached from Suez in Twenty-four Hours

THE ONE-TIME HOME OF THE CODEX SINAITICUS: The Monastery of St. Catherine at the foot of Mount Sinai. The two cars in the foreground made the trans-desert journey from Suez in twenty-four hours

It is not generally known that St. Catherine's Monastery, where the Codex Sinaiticus was found, nestling at the foot of Jebel Musa, and where Moses is believed to have received the Law, can now be reached by motor car. This sacred and historic peak among the mountains in the southern part of the Sinai Peninsula has been rendered accessible from Suez in twenty-four hours, or from Jerusalem in two days by self-propelled vehicle.

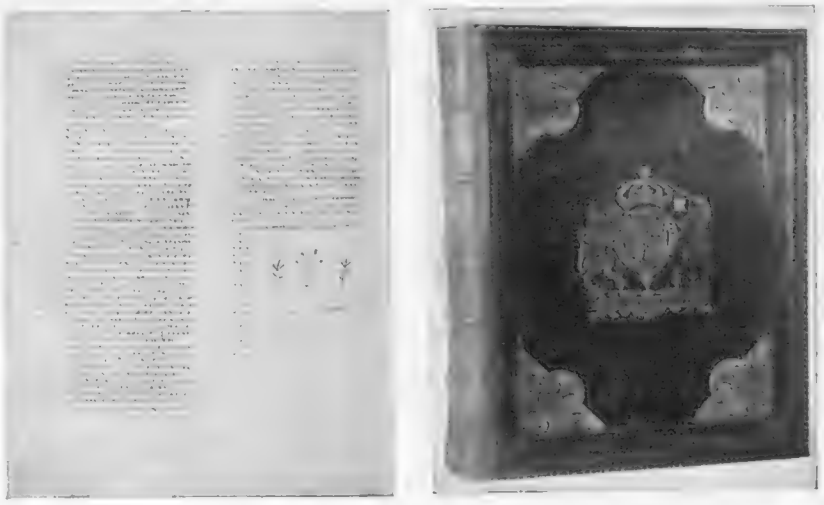
Until quite recently two routes were open to those anxious to visit the monastery at the foot of the holy mountain. You could either go all the way from Suez through the wilderness by camel-back, following more or less the route of the Israelites of old, which occupies about eight days, or take steamer to Tor, a village which lies about 140 miles down the coast, and from this point strike direct inland to the sacred mountain. The latter route means a saving of several days, but is only feasible to those who can speak Arabic and are sure of procuring the necessary camels and guides to carry them across the desert to the historic mountain.

The surface of the Sinai desert is hard and flat, though care is needed in driving, for there are some nasty patches of ground which cannot be safely negotiated at high speed. Then the authorities have laid down the rule that there must be at least two cars. This is not because a car travelling alone in the desert would be liable to molestation from the Bedouins, but in case one broke down. This could easily prove a serious matter.

The Sinai Peninsula belongs to Egypt, has an area of 10,000 square miles, and a population of about 15,000, all Arabs, divided into tribes, each having a sheikh, who wields considerable authority. Their principal means of livelihood is the cultivation of dates, which are grown in the scattered oases, and the rearing of sheep and goats.

To visit the monastery one has to obtain permission either from the Greek Patriarch in Cairo or Jerusalem, and pay a fee of £5. Special accommodation has now been provided at the monastery for tourists, and the fee of £5 is to cover cost of board during your stay, whether it be for a single night or several days.

Leaving Suez one strikes across the desert to the Springs of Moses. This is quite an extensive oasis, watered by many springs. Several of them, however, are inclined to be brackish and bitter, and it is said Moses sweetened the largest of them by casting into it a particular tree. The course now lies due south, with the sea on one's right and the spur of the Ataba Mountains on the left. Shortly, a mountainous road is struck, known as the road of the Pharaohs, which is followed for miles. All over the Sinai Peninsula, particularly among the mountains, one is continually striking evidences of ancient Egyptian occupation. A scientific examination of the many ruins that dot the desolate mountain sides would no doubt throw valuable light on the early history of Sinai.



THE CODEX ALEXANDRINUS: *Left*—A page from the famous fifth-century manuscript of the Scriptures in Greek. It is written on parchment in finely-formed uncial letters, and is without spaces between the words or marks of aspiration. In the eleventh century it belonged to the library of the Patriarch of Alexandria, but in 1628 was sent as a present to Charles I. Next to the Sinaiticus, the Alexandrinus is the most important manuscript in the world. It is now in the British Museum. *Right*—The old leather cover of the Alexandrinus, bearing the Royal arms of Charles I

The vegetation in the wadis or valleys is most pleasing, consisting of bushy palms, seyal trees, ghorkal shrubs, and the tamarisk. The oases passed present fascinating pictures of Bedouin life. As the mountains are approached one begins to climb, particularly noticeable being the lovely colouring of the rocks. The lowest stratum may be a golden yellow, the vein above red, and then again a rusty black and a bright yellow. Just before the monastery is reached one passes a hill called Jebel Tahunah, about seven hundred feet above the valley bed, crowned by the remains of an old Christian church. This is the traditional spot where Moses stood watching the battle between the Israelites and the Amalekites with his hands upheld by Aaron and Hur.

The monastery stands at the very foot of Mount Sinai, lying at an elevation of 5,014 ft. above sea level, but some 2,350 ft. below the summit of the mountain. One reaches it across a spacious plain where the Israelites must have encamped while Moses ascended the sacred mountain. The monastery — or convent, as it is more generally termed — is very old, the massive wall surrounding it having been built by Justinian in the year 530. He further strengthened the place by sending the monks, as a gift, one hundred Egyptian and as many Roman slaves, with their families. The present descendants of these very slaves, the Jebeliyeh, still serve the monks, of whom there are about twenty-five.

Within the monastery walls are a church, chapels, cells, library, dwellings, and even the minaret of a mosque. The latter, however, is a "blind," having been erected to curry favour with the Muslims. It was in the library here that Professor Tischendorf "discovered" the Codex Sinaiticus.

Visitors to the monastery invariably ascend the sacred mountain by what is known as the "Pilgrims' Steps," a rough stairway, constructed by the monks, of large granite steps, there being over 7,000 steps in all. One passes many places of historic interest, such as a spring where Jethro is said to have watered his flocks, a small chapel where the Virgin Mary is said to have appeared to the monks, and an old gateway where a certain hermit, St. Stephenus, used to sit and would allow no one to ascend the mountain higher unless he could prove his worthiness. Just above this is a little plain with a tall cypress tree, where the elders of the people tarried while Moses went up to the summit.

So one climbs up and up until the summit is gained which is crowned by a rough, stone chapel, said to mark the spot where Moses hid when the Lord passed by and where he received the Law. Though it was not very clear when the writer ascended the mountain the other month the view was nevertheless unexpectedly extensive, in grandeur decidedly unique. One appeared to be in a sea of mountain peaks of varying shapes, to which must be added the beautiful colouring of the granite; the red, brown, and grey tints of the nearer peaks and the purple and blue shades in the distance blending sky and mountains together.

There is accommodation in the monastery for about thirty travellers in the recently added wing. The only thing that may disturb one's slumbers is the ringing of bells at dawn, followed by footsteps in the corridors as the monks wend their way to their chapel for early Mass. Now that the monastery has been made accessible by motor, visitors will no doubt be more numerous. A year or two ago those who contemplated visiting the sacred mountain had to allow at least sixteen or seventeen days.

H. J. S.

THE RUINS OF HEROD'S PALACE AT CAESAREA: It was in this city that the Codex Sinaiticus was made to the order of the Emperor Constantine

STAGE and SOCIETY

MISS NINI THEILADE, who is regarded as one of Europe's most brilliant young dancers, leaving the S.S. *Franconia* on arrival in New York, where she is now fulfilling a number of engagements. She was born in Java

PREPARING FOR A REHEARSAL: Miss Una Marson, whose play, *At What a Price*—a study of life in Jamaica—is to be given at the Scala next week by a coloured cast of amateurs. She is seen adjusting the head-dress of a young player prior to one of the rehearsals

MME. ARPELS, who won first prize at a Society dress function staged at the Ambassadors, Paris. Her gown of black organdie is trimmed with flounces of the same material

GUELDA WALLER AND VERA MACONOCHIE, who broadcast old folk songs, songs from Shakespeare, and Mendelssohn duets in the London Regional programme last Saturday. These two artists are well known to listeners, and were among the first to be televised wearing costumes appropriate to the particular songs they were singing

THE COUNTESS OF CARRICK, who is chairman of the Winter Sports Dinner and Ball which is to be held at the Dorchester on January 18 in aid of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs

HARRY PILCER, partner of the late Gaby Deslys, has arrived back in London after an absence of twelve years. He will appear in the new French revue at the Prince of Wales Theatre, and is seen here coaching members of the chorus in their steps

BABIN AND VRONSKY who are to give a recital at the Wigmore Hall to-day (Saturday). Their programme consists of original works for two pianos

CHIC SALE, the well-known film comedian who specializes in "old man" parts. He is only thirty years of age

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY AT THE ICE CLUB, WESTMINSTER: Two of the 200 youthful guests who attended the party in fancy dress costume

PLAYS OF THE NEW YEAR

"Reunion in Vienna"—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt Excel in Robert E. Sherwood's Success at the Lyric :: "Beau Brummell" at the Saville :: Charles Laughton as Prospero

By PHILIP PAGE

Mr. Robert Sherwood, the American dramatist, might, with reason, have lamented some lack of intelligence on the part of London audiences, who rejected his *Acropolis* and *The Road to Rome*. He has, however, held his peace. The attack was made instead by Mr. Leslie Howard, an English actor, whose performance in a distinguished play by another American dramatist was the reverse of distinguished.

I do not suggest that Mr. Howard has not something of a case, though it is easy to counter his attack with a list of highly intelligent plays which London has appreciated. But he was not, in the circumstances, the man to make such a criticism, and, if he felt impelled to give birth to it, he should have done so in England, and not have waited until he returned to America, where he finds that deeply intellectual pursuit, the making of films, profitable in the extreme.

If Mr. Sherwood's latest play, *Reunion in Vienna*, which enchanted me the other night, is also a failure he will have some grounds for becoming as peevish as Mr. Howard. But I do not think that will happen, for *Reunion in Vienna* looks like bringing prosperity back to the Lyric Theatre, compensating Mr. Sherwood for his previous disappointments, putting money into the purse of Mr. Gilbert Miller, who is presenting it, and doing sundry other things equally pleasant.

The only possibility of this prophecy proving a doubtful one lies in the fact that here is a play essentially for grown-ups, and London audiences delight in plays not for the half-witted but for the half-grown. They prefer in the theatre to be children as much as is feasible—intelligent children, but children none the less. They like plays about princes and uniforms, but they like them to proceed on familiar and romantic lines. That is to say, a prince in a uniform, particularly if the prince is sufficiently young and the uniform sufficiently attractive, must get his own way in a love affair. If he is incognito and not recognized as royal by the pretty maiden of humble birth, so much the better; a profitable three hours of Old Heidelberging and Student Princing are there for the process of stuffing silly victims to a repletion of sentimentality as a goose is stuffed at Christmas time.

Reunion in Vienna is not for the goose-like. The prince wears a pretty uniform and is tolerably young. But the object of his passion is not a humble girl but a sophisticated *dame du monde* who knows full well who he is, and what he is after, and who sees that he does not get it until she has played him as an angler a trout, and played the devil with him too.

It was an essentially adult notion to put this play in pre-War Vienna, to make it royalist in flavour, and yet to take all the romance out of it. I would except one incident, which could with advantage have been less perfunctory and more tender. When a real Hapsburg returns to Vienna after taxi-driving in Nice, and is toasted and bowed to by royalists in secret assembled—within a yard or two of the portrait of the old Emperor and within the sound of the Emperor's hymn which Haydn wrote—cynicism might have been chucked overboard for awhile. Such cynicism would have been all the better for the rest, and Mr. Alfred Lunt would have been able to show that he can touch our heartstrings as well as exercise a well-nigh incomparable sense of comedy. The material is all there, ready to hand, so perhaps that is why it is disdained, for the author seems to be terrified of the obvious, which, after all, is a very pleasant trait for any author to possess.

The object of the Prince's passion is Elena, his mistress of pre-War days, now the wife of a prosperous doctor. If Mr. Sherwood had been writing for children—children long past the "Toad of Toad Hall" stage, but longing, none the less, for any story to develop just as they expect it to develop—that doctor would have been made a credulous, horn-growing nincompoop. He is, in fact, one of the most subtle and authoritative people in the cast. He knows that the only way of stopping Elena talking incessantly of the wonders of the missing Prince is to make sure that she sees plenty of him when he does turn up, and until the very end of the play his method works well enough.

I always had an idea that for a wife to brag to her husband of a former lover was one of those things "not done"—both for the sake of decency and in order to avoid sanguinary battles on the domestic hearth. But this may, it seems, be done by Viennese aristocrats, and is a workable theme for a high comedy that is sometimes high in the grouse or partridge sense. For when the Prince and Elena do meet to the strains of *The Merry Widow*, they behave more like Katharine plus Petruchio plus sex than Miss Lily Elsie and Mr. Joseph Coyne, except that Elena is not in any sense tamed after as realistic a scene of attempted seduction as I have seen on any stage.

The scene is also very witty, though not so witty as the act that succeeds it. For so good a craftsman is Mr. Sherwood that he has seen to it that each act is better than the one before it, the last act being positively exciting, not because anyone has committed murder, or because ghosts pop out unexpectedly, but because it seems hardly possible that a man who has written so brilliant a second act can continuously grow more and more brilliant in the third.

Mr. Alfred Lunt, Miss Lynn Fontanne, and the play are all so eminent that it seems ungenerous to point out that in certain cases the acting was weak and that the team has a tail. Some minor parts in Act I were poorly played, and in Act II there was an influx of Adelphi-melodrama guests who, unfortunately, had lines to say; they at once gave vivid impressions of the inmates of one of the cheaper hydropathic establishments on the South Coast ready to assist at the annual staff dance.

To that "hydro" Mr. Cecil Parker, with his cold, incisive style and his air of authority, obviously did not belong; he is now one of the best of our actors of the younger school of comedy, and he has given us nothing more interesting than this picture of the doctor-husband. Nor did Mr. George Zucco belong; nor did Miss Bertha Belmore as a stalwart old dame and Mr. Clive Currie as a less stalwart old gentleman.

Mr. Alfred Lunt and Miss Fontanne are, of course, the "stars" and they act up to their stardom. They have the mutual sympathy of the Guitrys, in the days when Sacha and Yvonne acted together, and an even better sense of rhythm. The give and take of their comedy is the art of the theatre at its best: their sole mistake—and on the first night both were guilty of it—was that they had not got the pitch of the house. That is a matter easily adjusted.

Miss Fontanne has an intensely individual style, though I would venture to describe her as having some of the qualities of the Vanbrugh Sisters and the face of one of the Dolly Sisters. She is cool, elegant, has a perfect sense of timing in her scenes with the Prince (her husband in private life) and a delicious impudence.

"Beau Brummell."—The first performance of *Beau Brummell* I did not see, since I was in the land where the Beau dragged out the last miserable years of his life. But I spent a few hours which were far from miserable in seeing it at the Saville Theatre a week or so later in its revised form.

I understand that the plot ran on very different lines when it called down some uncomplimentary criticisms. The

SCENES FROM "REUNION IN VIENNA" Received with acclamation its West End setting is Republican Austria (left), has the brilliant idea of for the little band of royalists the Hapsburg regime. In this come to persuade Elena (Lynn gayest of them all, co

AT THE PARTY: The guests give a toast to His Imperial Majesty. Left to right—Countess Koeppke (Hilda Bruce Potter), Baroness von Krett (Renee Macredy), Baron Povoromo (George Zucco), Countess von Stainz (Cherry Hardy), and Talisz (Frederick Culley)

REUNION: Elena (Lynn Fontanne) meets her old lover, the exiled Rudolf Maximilian of Hapsburg (Alfred Lunt), who suddenly appears at the party after smuggling himself into the country

ON THE THRESHOLD OF DISASTER: Rudolf carries Elena upstairs. She is left alone for a minute, however, and, scantily clad, makes good her escape through the bathroom window

WHILE RUDOLF PURSUES HER THROUGH THE STREETS OF VIENNA, Elena arrives home to be greeted with not unnatural suspicion by her father-in-law (Clive Currie)

revision has resulted in a good romantic story which moves along with a swing and provides quite an attractive entertainment. Mr. Harry Welchman does not suggest to me the Beau; but he does suggest Mr. Harry Welchman which, for purposes of a musical play, is all to the good, since he can look mighty handsome and can sing well, his original having been possessed of neither of those accomplishments. Brummell was a wit, however; and though the play is not without some clever comedy, the Byronic figure of Mr. Welchman is not permitted to utter lines of coruscating brilliance.

Robert E. Sherwood's play started run at the Lyric last week. The Frau Lucher, played by Bertha Belmore arranging a reunion party at her hotel who still hanker after the glories of scene some of her friends have Fontanne), centre, in the old days the come and join them

Mr. Charlie Hayes, an experienced comedian from the music halls, put up a first-rate performance as a peppery colonel with a kind heart in what, I understand, is his theatrical debut; so he must have been an actor all these years without realizing it. Mr. Guy le Feuvre's George IV seemed sufficiently authentic historically, though the portrait may be a flattering one. Mr. B. C. Hilliam's music is so good that one wishes there were more of it, and the orchestra now possess a conductor in Mr. Alfred Reynolds, late of the Lyric, Hammersmith. Which reminds me that Sir Nigel Playfair is the producer.

The Year Reviewed.—The pessimistic spectacles through which there has been a tendency to review the state of the London theatre last year are not for my wearing. "Slight but satisfactory progress maintained upon the whole front" is, to adopt war phraseology, a fair bulletin.

There have been some failures which ought to have been successes, it is alleged. But what is the meaning of that "ought," and to what extent is the box-office, vitally necessary though that is, allowed to drown all other considerations? *Acropolis* was a fine play and so was *This Side Idolatry*, but neither was any too happily cast, and neither, I venture to think, would have run more than a couple of months with the most perfect cast in the world. *The Ace* (I am still dealing with the short runs), which preceded them at the Lyric, was full of powerful stuff, and there was a fine performance in it by Mr. Raymond Massey; but it dealt with the War from the wrong angle, at the wrong time, and, in a degree, in the wrong way.

The visit of that great German actor, Herr Werner Krauss, was calamitously short; no doubt the outburst of bad manners in the gallery, for political reasons ludicrously inconsistent, upset matters; but the main cause of Herr Krauss's premature departure was that *Before Sunset* was a dull play. The failure of one player from Mittel Europa has been more than balanced by the triumphant success of another, Elisabeth Bergner. I do not wish to wax hysterical in praise of this wonderful little actress; yet 1933 may well be known as the year which brought Elisabeth Bergner to London.

An entirely home-made success on lines worthy of the highest credit to all concerned is that of *Richard of Bordeaux*, justly called the noblest modern historical play since Shaw's *Saint Joan*. Mr. Shaw has given us *On the Rocks*, which is neither great Shaw nor a great play; but it is good entertainment for the politically-minded, has plenty of characteristic wit, and is far superior to the previous year's *Too True to be Good*. *Christopher Bean* is a clever little comedy from the French, with a perfect performance in it by Cedric Hardwicke, the latest of our theatrical knights; its phenomenal triumph at the St. James's is to me as surprising as it is gratifying. Mr. Somerset Maugham gave us *Sheppey* at Wyndham's—a good if uneven play, but hardly good enough for Maugham. Mr. A. A. Milne waxed very serious at the same theatre with *Other People's Lives*, which, frankly, I found both tedious and irritating.

"Thrillers," murder plays, macabre or morbid plays, and crook-dramas have shown a decline—that is a good sign. An ingenious specimen, *Ten Minute Alibi*, is continuing its prosperous run at the Haymarket, whither it came from the little Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, which has proved a good "nursery" and has exported several works of unusual interest.

THE PERSISTENT LOVER: Being married, Elena at first declines to resume her former relationship with Rudolf, but, under pressure and realizing that it is the only possible way of keeping him quiet, she eventually allows him to think that she is willing to fall in with his ideas. She has not reckoned, however, with Rudolf's fatal charm and gifts of persuasion and the beguiling music discoursed by Bredzi (Aladar Sio), who is seen with violin on the left

"GET OUT OR I'LL THROW YOU OUT": Elena looks on with evident amusement while Dr. Krug, her husband (Cecil Parker), exercises his vocabulary. Finally the police arrive in search of Rudolf

A FOND FAREWELL: Dr. Krug (left) succeeds in obtaining the permission of the Prefect of Police for Rudolf to leave the country unmolested. The latter is seen bidding Elena good-bye

The Tudor "boom" did not last long, and was really little more than a series of coincidences. *The Tudor Wench* arrived in central London from the Embassy, soon to be lost in the vast spaces of the Alhambra (where the long sojourn of the *Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo*, who had expected to remain only three weeks, showed that London's love of really first-rate dancing is as keen as ever); and *The Rose Without a Thorn* has proved an acceptable revival. All Tudor happenings have been overshadowed by Mr. Charles Laughton and the *Henry VIII* film, followed by his appearance in the Shakespeare play and in other Shakespeare plays. Miss Flora Robson and Miss Ursula Jeans have also "gone Shakespeare," with gratifying results.

Mr. Seymour Hicks whipped up a rather conventional farce at Daly's into a commercial success; but it was not worthy of his genius. A busy and profitable year has been enjoyed by Mr. Ivor Novello, in spite of *Sunshine Sisters*, a bad but not unexpected failure: for *Fresh Fields* has just celebrated its anniversary and *Proscenium* also did well. Mr. Edmund Gwenn has made a welcome return to the stage in *Laburnum Grove*, which is good Priestley, and Miss Marie Tempest wound up the old year with a "winner"—*The Old Folks at Home*. Mr. Walter Hackett pursues the even tenor of his prosperous way at the Whitehall.

The musical stage in 1933 was marked by the lamentable tragedy of poor Anny Ahlers, perhaps the greatest artist of her type ever to have visited London and the sweetest of women.

Mr. C. B. Cochran has surrounded himself with some glamorously sophisticated shows in *Nymph Errant* and *Gay Divorce*, and, in the case of *Music in the Air*, a delightful piece of Teutonic sentimentalism. Revue has languished somewhat, *How d'ye Do?* at the Comedy shining forth as an exception. Mr. Leslie Henson continues to draw crowds with that cheery musical comedy at the Strand, *Nice Goings On*.

I would only add that this analysis does not pretend to be exhaustive. It does not, for instance, include mention of the worst performance I have ever seen any leading player give.

"The Tempest."—Many years ago Mr. Bernard Shaw was indignantly criticized for calling *As You Like It* a "Bedford Park sort of play." I have not the least idea what he meant by that; but it was one of the first instances of "de-bunking" Shakespeare.

Heaven forbid that I should do anything so silly or so horrible as to "de-bunk" *The Tempest*; but I do venture to say that dramatically it is weak and inconclusive, that much of it is far from clear, and that its main asset, if not its only one, is its glorious language. Tree revived it at His Majesty's because he wanted to play Caliban. Mr. Sydney Carroll revived it in Regent's Park last summer in the hope that tempests would not upset matters—which, unfortunately, they did rather frequently.

The Tempest has now been revived at Sadler's Wells, and there is no getting away from the fact that the main interest in the revival is the appearance in the cast of Mr. Charles Laughton, the most-talked-about actor of the present generation.

What would Mr. Laughton do as Prospero? The answer is that he has done very little, simply because there is very little to do. Prospero is a somewhat indeterminate old man, and if there is any subtlety in the character I do not mind confessing that I have missed it. All one can do with Prospero, it seems, is to let those superb lines roll out in as beautiful a voice as one can muster. That is what Mr. Henry Ainley did at the Aldwych some years ago, and that is what Mr. John Drinkwater (himself, of course, a poet) did at Regent's Park.

But that is about the one thing on the stage that Mr. Laughton cannot do, fine actor though he is. He did not make a bad Prospero; he was just an old man, and a colourless one at that. Why did he not play Caliban? Probably because he would have found it too easy a task.

The production has some good points and also some annoying ones, among the latter being the scenery and nearly all of the dresses. Oddness and simplicity went together in a way that had little if any meaning. Nor did I care for the dances. Mr. Herbert Menges' music is good, but not so good that it prevented me yearning for Sullivan.

Miss Ursula Jeans made a beautiful Miranda and is now completely Shakespearean. Mr. Roger Livesey's Caliban had a new pathos in it, and Mr. Baskcomb and Mr. Graham struggled bravely with the parts of those singularly unfunny clowns. Miss Elsa Lanchester s Ariel was quite perfect.

SHOWS TO SEE

APOLLO: Elisabeth Bergner in *Escape Me Never!*
COMEDY: Richard Bird in *Whistling in the Dark.*
CRITERION: Ivor Novello's *Fresh Fields.*
HAYMARKET: Robert Douglas and Jessica Tandy in *Ten Minute Alibi.*
HIS MAJESTY'S: *Music in the Air.*
LYRIC: *Reunion in Vienna.*
ST. MARTIN'S: *The Wind and the Rain.*

CUTTING THE BADDELEY CAKE: Mr. C. M. Lowne with members of the company of *Ball at the Savoy*. The cake is cut every year on Twelfth Night and distributed among the actors and actresses of Drury Lane in keeping with the terms of the bequest of Robert Baddeley, an English comedian of the eighteenth century

THE ORIGIN OF TWELFTH NIGHT

By FRANK MORISON

"Twelfth Day," of which the evening was formerly the occasion for public rejoicing and merriment, is essentially a religious festival. It was once known as Old Christmas Day, and the origin of its title in the dim past of Christian experience can, perhaps, best be explained by a wholly modern illustration.

Let us imagine that, about two months ago, by some magical piece of good fortune, an authentic manuscript of the first or second century had been unearthed which established beyond question the exact date of the birth of Christ.

Such a discovery would, of course, be recognized at once as an event of world importance. Scholars and students alike would hail it as a priceless addition to our all-too-slender records of those momentous times. To the vast army of worshippers in both hemispheres it would tell something which they keenly desire to know—the day, and possibly the exact hour, when their revered Master and Leader first made His entry into the world.

But what of its repercussions?

Let us assume that the date and hour fixed for this unique event by our newly-found document was the late evening of December 13, *twelve days before the traditional date of Christmas*. We can picture Joseph on that memorable evening with Mary seated uneasily upon an ass, toiling painfully up the steep hillside, by David's well, to the *khan* or inn at Bethlehem, only to find it already full. As the immortal narrative declares briefly: "There was no room for them in the inn." It was a chilly winter's night and the rough cave in which the animals fed and sheltered was no suitable chamber for so divine a happening. Yet it was here, to the sound of revelry above, that the greatest spiritual event of the ages took place.

Given the universal acceptance of the new date, upon unimpeachable authority, can we doubt that all the churches in Christendom would, within a reasonable period, consecrate December 13 as a holy day, a day of special services and rejoicing? Some, at least, of the present glories of Christmas would be transferred to the earlier date.

On the other hand, millions of well-disposed and kindly people would be left with a festival upon their hands *from which the primary meaning had departed*—a festival of friendship and goodwill too deeply rooted in tradition and personal habit to be lightly cast aside. In such circumstances the common sense of humanity would speedily invest the older Christmas with new associations. No longer the anniversary of the *birth* of Jesus, it would probably remain for centuries, in an even deeper sense than before the expression of His *spirit*.

Here, then, in the form of a strictly modern parable is the true explanation of the term "Twelfth Night."

In the very early days of the Church—long before Christmas had established itself as a day of commemoration—two occasions in the year were singled out for special recognition. These dates corresponded to the crowning experiences in the life of Jesus, viz.: His first public appearance and dedication at the fords of the Jordan (commemorated on January 6), and, of course, the Resurrection.

Now the primitive Gospel of St. Mark, and the sources which lie behind the Synoptic tradition, show quite clearly that to the earliest Christians the story of Christ's historic mission began with the *Baptism* when, according to the oldest tradition, Jesus received the Divine sanction and approval of His Sonship. This, for them, marked the beginning of the great drama.

How it was that January 6 came to be fixed so universally as the anniversary of this date is a little obscure, but John of Nice, a late, but otherwise well-informed writer, states that it was originally fixed by the disciples of John the Baptist who were present at the event.

Gradually, however, as time went by, the followers of Jesus throughout the world began to take an increasing interest in the earlier and human aspects of the life of their Master, and particularly in the date of His birth. First in the West, and later in the East, a steadily growing tradition associated the Nativity with December 25.

Thus the Twelfth Day (6th January), shorn of some of its primitive significance, began to be associated with other events worthy of special commemoration, such, for example, as the miracle at Cana and the visit of the Wise Men from the East. In some countries it is still thought of primarily in association with the Magi and the so-called Star of Bethlehem.

THE FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY IN ROME: Children with gifts given them by Mussolini. Epiphany, not Christmas, is the chief present-giving day in Italy

Concerning the precise hour when the Twelfth Day may be said to commence, this has naturally varied with the system of reckoning employed by different peoples. To a Jewish Christian of the first or second century the feast of the Epiphany began on the evening of January 5. With the universal adoption of midnight, however, as the zero hour in later times, the Twelfth Day falls now in its entirety on our 6th. Twelfth Night, in its social and historical sense, must not be confused with Twelfth Eve, the Vigil of the Epiphany (January 5), when in rural districts many curious practices were, and still are, observed. It is perfectly true, of course, that in accordance with ecclesiastical order the evening service shortly after sunset on January 5 is the first vespers of Epiphany, and this in itself is a mark of the primitive tradition. But the popular observance of Twelfth Night has always taken place on the 6th, and was so observed at Drury Lane Theatre last Saturday.

A BOOK LIST

RICH & COWAN.—THE HUNTING GROUND. By Morris Sutherland. 7s. 6d. net. HARPER BROS.—THE FAULT OF ANGELS. By Paul Horgan. 7s. 6d. net. HUTCHINSON & CO.—LOVE AND LET LOVE. By George Woden. 7s. 6d. net. COFFEE AT ELEVEN. By Marjorie Stewart. 7s. 6d. net. A KINGDOM DIVIDED. By E. O. Browne. 7s. 6d. net. THE ANT HEAP. By Arthur Mills. 7s. 6d. net. ARYA: The Call of the Future. By Graham Seton Hutchison, D.S.O., M.C. 5s. net. GRANT RICHARDS.—HIGH NILE. Anonymous. 7s. 6d. net. STANLEY PAUL & CO., LTD.—SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT . . . By Elizabeth Nisot. 7s. 6d. net. FAST TRAILIN'. By Kenneth Perkins. 7s. 6d. net. JARROLDS.—NO SURRENDER. By Jo Van Ammers-Kuller. 7s. 6d. net. THE FENLAND PRESS.—THE SALIC LAW. By Katharine Villiers. 7s. 6d. net. ARTHUR BARKER, LTD.—GINGERBREAD HOUSE. By Eileen Bigland. 7s. 6d. net. WILLIAM HEINEMANN, LTD.—A WARNING TO WANTONS: A Fantastic Romance setting forth the not undeserved but awful fate which befell a Minx. By Mary Mitchell. 7s. 6d. net. THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE, 1789–1809. By Louis Madelin. Translated from the French by E. F. Buckley. (The National History of France. Edited by Fr. Funck-Brentano. With an introduction by J. E. C. Bodley). 15s. net. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—CHELSBURY ABBEY. By Denis Mackail. 7s. 6d. net. THE KING OF SPAIN'S DAUGHTER. By Erle Spencer. 7s. 6d. net. SAMPSON LOW.—THE BRITISH MASTERS. A Survey and Guide. By Horace Shipp. Illustrated. 6s. net. DUCKWORTH & CO.—STRAP-HANGERS. By Norah C. James. 7s. 6d. net. GREAT LIVES: DARWIN. By R. W. G. Hingston. MILTON. By Rose Macaulay. 2s. net each volume. MILLS & BOON. NEVER GIVE ALL. By Denise Robins. 7s. 6d. net. STRANGE PATHS. By Louise Gerard. 7s. 6d. net. JONATHAN CAPE, LTD.—LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH AND HIS TIMES. By Pierre Gaxotte. Translated from the French by J. Lewis May. 12s. 6d. net. VICTOR GOLLANCZ, LTD.—THE NINE TAILORS. Changes rung on an old theme in two short touches and two full peals. By Dorothy L. Sayers. 7s. 6d. net. THE ELLERY QUEEN OMNIBUS Containing "The French Powder Mystery," "The Dutch Shoe Mystery," "The Greek Coffin Mystery." 7s. 6d. net. FAMILY CRUISE. A Marine Comedy. By Helen Ashton. 7s. 6d. net. SIX TRIALS. By Winifred Duke. 5s. net. COLLINS.—THE RIDGE OF WHITE WATERS. By Norman Giles. 7s. 6d. net. PETER DAVIES, LTD.—A TALE OF TWO ROBINS. By G. J. Renier. With numerous illustrations by A. W. Seaby. 6s. net METHUEN & Co.—POST-BAG DIVERSIONS. Elicited by E. V. Lucas. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, LTD.— . . . SOMETHING NEW OUT OF AFRICA. By H. W. Illustrated. 15s. net.

Mr. W. Howard Horder

Mr. A. E. Quiney

UNION - CASTLE APPOINTMENTS

The Union-Castle Mail Steamship Co., Ltd. announce that Mr. E. F. Abbott has relinquished his post as joint manager, but remains a director of the company.

Mr. W. Howard Horder and Mr. A. E. Quiney, assistant managers, have been appointed joint managers.

Mr. Horder was educated at Brighton and in France, and joined the Union Steamship Company in 1885, being appointed to the secretarial department and afterwards to the inward freight department. In order to gain practical experience of the company's operations he served afloat in the R.M.S. *Moor*. From 1890 to 1900 Mr. Horder was in charge of the chartering department and assistant to the late Mr. Campbell Cooke. Upon the amalgamation of the Union and Castle Lines he became chief of the Mail Steamer Freight Department and in 1924 was appointed freight manager. In June, 1927, he was appointed assistant manager of the company.

Mr. A. E. Quiney is the eldest son of the late Mr. C. B. Quiney of Las Palmas, Grand Canary. He was educated at Bloxham School, near Banbury, Oxon. On leaving school he joined his father in Las Palmas. The position of Las Palmas as a coaling port for ships of all nations enabled him to gain valuable knowledge of the shipping trade.

After spending two years in business in Orotava, Teneriffe, he returned to England in 1890 and entered the service of Messrs. Donald Currie and Co., transferring to the Union-Castle Co. on their retirement from the management. For fourteen years he was head of the Victualling Department and was later appointed a director of the African Lands and Hotels, Ltd. He has twice visited South Africa on business connected with the Company.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Society report that one of their Old Boys, who has risen to be Assistant Commissioner of Police in the Federated Malay States, has been awarded the King's Police Medal in the New Year Honours. This speaks well for the training given to poor boys and girls in the Society's Homes and in the Training Ship *Arethusa*. 1,100 poor children are always being maintained and the Society make a special appeal for donations to assist them in their great work. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary at the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

TUNICS AND CAPES FOR THE SPRING

Here is some advance news about the shoes we shall wear when the dull dark days of winter are over. Suède is likely to be more popular than any other type of leather, especially in a dark caviare brown, with black or blue as useful alternatives. Patent leather, long neglected, will return to favour, in the majority of cases trimmed with matt kid strappings.

Whole-cut court shoes—that is without the shallow, cut-out side that distinguishes the Grecian court—have an air of elegance, but they need to fit perfectly and to be flawlessly cut. Instep ties will also be important, but bar shoes are not likely to be worn. Sandals, too, will suffer a partial eclipse, and when they are seen will be more discreet than they were last summer.

During the spring brown and white shoes will reappear, but later all-white kid models will take their place.

A beautifully balanced court shoe in brown or black suède and glacé is shown beneath the centre panel on this page. The front is decorated with a twisted band of stitched glacé, and across the outer side run three rows of stitching terminating in punched holes. It costs 45s. 6d. at Lilley & Skinner's, of 358, Oxford Street, W.

On the left, at the foot of the page, is a one-loop Ghillie tie shoe in brown suède trimmed with brown lizard. Cool and light, it gives perfect support to the foot.

The third shoe is made in tan willow calf and white glacé patent. The price of both these models is 45s. 6d.

A discovery that will be hailed with delight by all those who have ever tried to clean brown and white shoes is this white glacé patent which only needs sponging and which does not discolour.

If there is one thing that is really kind to the average figure it is a slender, seven-eighths length tunic. A very charming example is sketched immediately above. Made in a black satin-back crêpe interwoven with wool so that it is uncrushable, it is trimmed with softly padded rouleaux and has a tiny vest of white Ottoman silk. Long sash ends hold the tunic smoothly against the waist in front and are tied at the back. This model costs 8 guineas at Corot, of 33, Old Bond Street, W., where it may, of course, be purchased on their famous deferred credit system. At the same time, it should be borne in mind that this system in no way interferes with the ordinary cash business which has always been carried on in these salons.

The little jumper suit on the left is made in an open weave smooth angora fabric. The flared skirt has a centre panel, and the jumper is trimmed with cartridge-rolls. With its little detachable cape that buttons on the shoulders it costs 6 guineas.

A cruising suit of champagne-coloured hopsack is seen on the right. The coat is ornamented with stitching, and the skirt has central panels with two pleats on each side at the front and one pleat on each side at the back. The price of this suit is 5 guineas.

THE HJERKINN HOTEL: A popular resort near the Dovre Mountains

CENTRAL NORWAY: Ski-ing at the foot of the Jonsknuten Mountain

WINTER SPORTS IN NORWAY

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E.

Long before the days of the Vikings, men in Norway had acquired the art of running on skis over snowy wastes, and it is to the Norwegian ski-runners of Telemark, in Norway, that we owe the most popular modern winter sports pastime of ski-ing. It has conquered many lands, where there are fine facilities for this fascinating sport, but none of these has the peculiar charm for the ski-runner that you will find in Norway. There you are not restricted to this comparatively small area or that, to the slopes of one mountain or the other, but you have your choice of a course over vast upland plateaux, with easy undulating contours, even over the well-rounded tops of mountains, rubbed smooth by glacial action in the great Ice Age of millions of years past. Over firm, dry snow, with never any danger from avalanches, you may travel for miles upon miles, on the roof of Norway, over some of the most extensive snowfields in the world, and generally in blazing sunshine, for the winter climate of upland Norway is dry, clear, and bracing.

In this manner you can explore the neighbourhood of one of the leading winter sports centres on ski, if you wish, or you can make a tour on ski of a week, a fortnight, or longer, staying a night here and a night there, arrangements for which can be made with ease, and this would enable you to see a good deal of the magnificent scenery for which Norway is famed, and to spend almost all of the hours of daylight in the open air and sunshine.

Ski-ing is by no means the only form of winter sport in Norway. Skating is very general, with facilities therefor in almost every winter sports resort, and the great reputation Norway has attained in the world of figure-skating may be judged from the wonderful performances of that charming young Norwegian figure-skater, Miss Sonia Henie. Speed-skating is also very popular in Norway, and there are many meetings, when thousands of people congregate to watch the racing.

It is one of the easiest of journeys to Norway, as I can testify from personal experience. You leave Newcastle-on-Tyne on the really luxuriously appointed motor-liner *Venus*, of the B. & N. Line Royal Mail, of 7,000 tons, and with nearly a hundred single-berth cabins, for which there is no extra charge, at eight o'clock in the evening; and the next afternoon you arrive at the port of Bergen at five o'clock, having reached the smooth waters of the fjord long before. After a comfortable night's rest in this wonderfully interesting old town you push off by a Norwegian State Railways' train next morning, to travel in comfort to whichever sports centres you have selected for your stay.

Some of these, as, for instance, Stalheim (by motor from Voss Station), Mjölfjell, Finse, Haugastöl, Geilo, and Ustaoset, are reached within seven hours from Bergen, and Oslo within the day; whilst the centres farther north, such as Hamar, Hösbjör, Vinstra (for Fefor), Domaas, Opdal, Lillehammer, Bessheim (from Sjoa Station), and Trondheim, are reached on the day following after a night in the attractive Norwegian capital, Oslo, to which there is also a direct steamer service.

In all the centres named there are good hotel facilities, the hotels varying in accommodation for from 50 to 160 guests, and excellent ski-ing grounds, whilst several have rinks for skating and curling, and all good slopes for tobogganing. Oslo, with its many rinks, some illuminated at night, and its famous "corkscrew" toboggan run, is a Mecca for skaters and toboggan runners, and the centre, in February, for the world's greatest international ski-jumping competitions, and there is plenty of fine ski-running in the Nordmarken Woods near by. Finally, prices for a winter sports holiday in Norway are amazingly cheap, ranging from £14 to £20 10s. for a fortnight's stay, first-class steamer to Bergen and back, one night's hotel there, second-class rail, transfer of luggage, and all hotel charges, including tips (except to hotel porters) and Government tax!

A TYPICAL SKI-ING PARADISE NEAR THE BERGEN—OSLO RAILWAY

Winter Sports in Norway

THE Norwegian landscape, spacious, undulating, and open, offers itself for the full enjoyment of every kind of Winter Sport. Abundance of sunshine and snow. Hotel accommodation good and charges moderate.

Access quick and comfortable by the new 7,000 tons motor-ship "VENUS" (20 knots), from NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE at 8 p.m. every Tuesday and Saturday, arriving BERGEN at 5 p.m. Wednesday and Sunday.

Inclusive cost 1st class return "Venus," Hotel, Railways, Gratuities (independent travel) Newcastle to Newcastle,

13 days, £18 : 5 : 0 20 days, £24 : 5 : 0

Illustrated booklet gratis from Superintendent, Norway Travel Bureau, 25, Whitehall, S.W. 1, or Norwegian State Railways Office: 21, Cockspur Street, S.W. 1

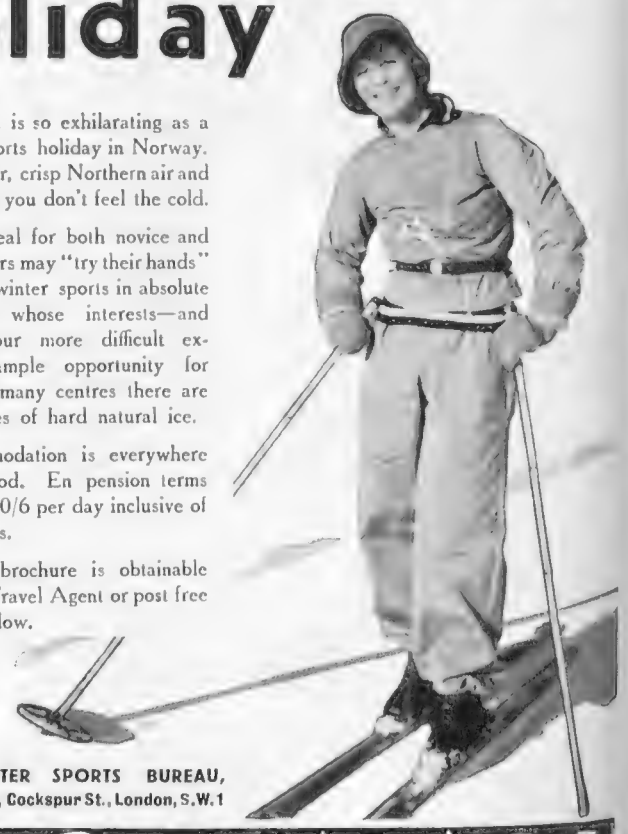
Take a Winter Sports Holiday

NOTHING is so exhilarating as a winter sports holiday in Norway. In the clear, crisp Northern air and brilliant sunshine you don't feel the cold.

Norway is ideal for both novice and expert. Beginners may "try their hands" at all forms of winter sports in absolute safety. Those whose interests—and capabilities—favour more difficult excursions find ample opportunity for adventure. At many centres there are beautiful stretches of hard natural ice.

Hotel accommodation is everywhere exceptionally good. En pension terms are available at 10/6 per day inclusive of tax and gratuities.

The season's brochure is obtainable free from your Travel Agent or post free from address below.



NORWAY WINTER SPORTS BUREAU, Norway House, 23a, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1

NORWAY
THE HOME OF SKI-ING

TURVY = = TOPSY

The Gods on Olympus, bored with regularity one day decided to upset the whole affair.
They did the thing most thoroughly, causing great hilarity, they topsy-turvied everything:
land, sea and air;
They filled the clouds with cabbages, grew comets on the cottages, and pigs sold the farmers at Upsydaisy Fair

Donkeys rode to parliament, on Stewards of the Jockey Club
The Countess brought the cocktails when the butler rang the bell.
Primo Carnera joined a woman's hockey club and D.O.R.A. ran
the Dog & Duck, and ran it very well.

But one thing stood unchangeable, with everything contrarywise—one thing certain was proof against the spell;
the real infallibility . . . THE INDISPUTABILITY . . . THE IRREFRAGABILITY:

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Where's Father?

Crawford's LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE BLEND

ON SALE AT THE BARS OF THIS THEATRE

A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.
London Office:—24–26, Monument Street, E.C.3.

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

The other day I paid my first visit to the Ford Motor Works at Dagenham. I suppose, since 1912, I have seen over most of the motor factories in this country and some of those abroad, but the works at Dagenham are quite different and are remarkable in many ways. As they have only recently been built it is not surprising, perhaps, that they are thoroughly up to date, but until a visit is paid a person cannot realize to the full the vastness and the completeness of the undertaking. For instance, the power-house is a mighty building and actually weighs more than the *Mauretania*. Inside, unless it is a clear day, it is impossible to see the roof. Close to this power-house is a blast furnace, and this adjunct makes the works unique, for nowhere else in this country are motor works equipped to manufacture their own iron. At the time of my visit this blast furnace had not been started, and in many other respects the works are incomplete. The size of this blast furnace is awe-inspiring, and the dump for ore is so colossal that I could not attempt to describe it. At first sight I would not imagine that it was a paying proposition to import the raw material from Spain, Newfoundland, and other overseas countries, but we have all learnt to understand that Mr. Ford does not knowingly throw away money, and we must assume, therefore, that when this plant is working, costs will be even further reduced from what they are at present.

Outside the main office block of buildings is a new jetty, and the magnitude of this can be gauged in some way when I say it has been constructed so that vessels up to 10,000 tons can load or unload at it even at low water. The lay-out of this jetty is in keeping with the rest of the scheme, namely, that the need for man-power has been reduced to a minimum. There are huge derricks standing on the superstructure, and their height can be gauged by the fact that it was found necessary to instal wind velocity measurers, and these automatically prevent the derricks being moved should the wind be in excess of 30 m.p.h., for at that wind velocity it is considered unsafe to run them from place to place.

The actual manufacture of the cars from the raw material to the finished product is all carried out under one roof, and I think that this building must be the biggest of its kind in this country. I was very impressed with the foundry, which in most works is a dirty, messy place; but at Dagenham one can almost have a meal in comfort and cleanliness in any part of this department. Ford's make the most astounding use of presses, and the way they have harnessed machinery to assemble such complicated units as engines makes one almost gasp.

Truthfully, I can say I have never been in a cleaner or tidier factory, and yet I did not see large armies of workpeople sweeping or dusting. On the final moving runway, I was rather surprised to find that cars and lorries were both being finally assembled on the same moving chain. I would not have thought that this arrangement was the most efficient, but I was assured that it was a method best suited for the works as they are being run to-day. Another astounding feature in the manufacture of Ford cars and lorries is that they are never tested on the road before delivery. In most works this would cause chaos, for the road-tester's job is usually considered very important, and if he were dispensed with quite a number of cars would give very poor results, and there would be endless complaints from customers. At Dagenham, however, assembling and adjustments have been brought to such a pitch of perfection that road-testing, which is essential in most other places, is considered quite superfluous.

Before leaving the works, the general manager very kindly allowed me to take the wheel of one of the latest V8 Fords which are made in their Canadian factory. Good as the original V8 was, the latest production is immeasurably better. The power-weight ratio is so good that I imagine it must be most pleasurable to drive one of these cars on a long run. Gear-changing on main roads should be quite unnecessary, and as they are silent and have a performance high up in that of sports cars they can show a clean pair of rear wheels to most other cars on the road.

Science has brought about many wonderful and amazing changes in life to-day to what it was even twenty-five years ago. Great advancement has been made in practically all the world's activities and there appears to be no limit to what science can do for mankind. This is surely the age of inventions and the triumph of mind over matter, yet one of the greatest drawbacks to the English climate still baffles the brains of our scientists. I am referring to fog, and in this respect at any rate matter continues to triumph over mind. Cars are fitted with headlights that sweep the road for hundreds of yards ahead, but when a blanket of fog descends they become worse than useless. Traffic overland and above ground becomes paralysed, collisions and accidents occur, bringing the death-rate still higher, and chaos reigns until the fog lifts.

The quickest and safest method to get from one place to another is to walk, which is the same as Adam and Eve had to do. Messages can be flashed from one end of the earth to the other, a person broadcasting from London can be heard in the wilds of the Australian bush, fog or no fog, yet mere man if he wants to get about at all has to walk! True, most road vehicles are fitted with fog lamps, but these again are of very little use in a black-out such as we had on the first day of this year. I suppose somebody will some day find a method to counteract this annoying and dangerous element, in fact they may be well on the way to doing so now; but until that day arrives it will be our unfortunate lot to continue to crawl and grope our way from one side of the road to the other in an effort to reach our destination.

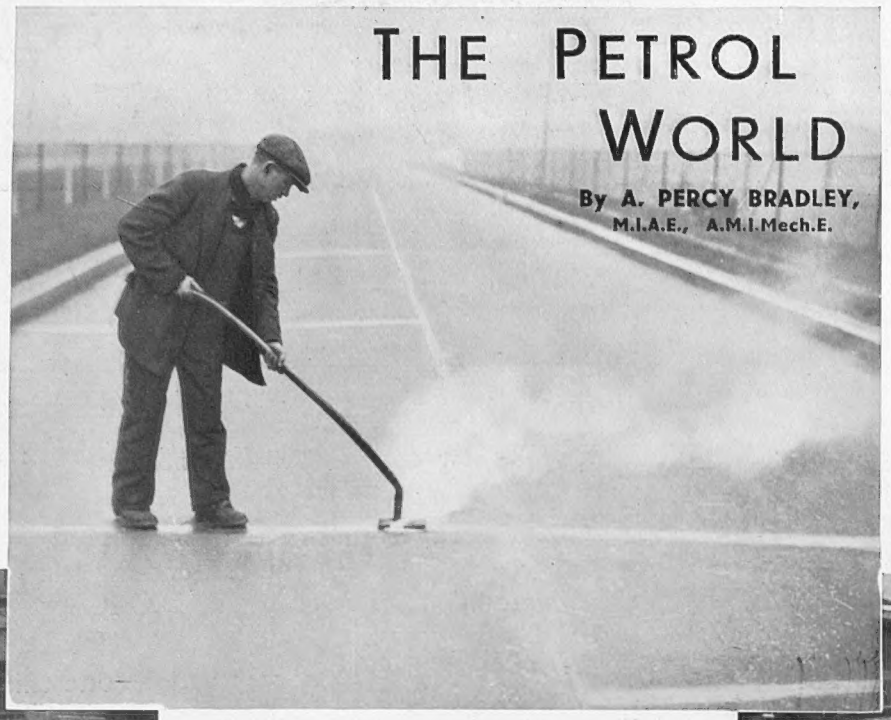
The third R.A.C. Rally and Coachwork Competition will be held this year on March 13 to 17, and its finishing point will be Bournemouth. This rally, while not assuming the importance of the Monte Carlo Rally, has proved very popular to English motoring enthusiasts, and, like all things undertaken by the R.A.C., its organization is perfect, which goes a long way towards the success of such a project.

Nine starting points will be employed, and the route from each one to Bournemouth will be approximately 1,000 miles. The starting point and intermediate controls are as follows: London (start), Harrogate, Glasgow, Buxton, Torquay; Bath (start), Buxton, Glasgow, Harrogate, Norwich; Norwich (start), Bath, Woodhall Spa, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Llandrindod Wells; Leamington (start), Southsea, Norwich, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Llandrindod Wells; Buxton (start), Glasgow, Harrogate, Cheltenham, Norwich; Harrogate (start), Glasgow, Liverpool, Bath, Norwich; Liverpool (start), Stirling, Harrogate, Cheltenham, Norwich; Newcastle (start), Norwich, Southsea, Buxton, Torquay; Glasgow (start), Liverpool, Bath, Norwich, Llandrindod Wells.

The total number of entries in the rally will be limited to 400, and competitors may select their own starting points, but not more than 100 may start from any one starting control. Two drivers at least must be carried in each car, neither of whom shall drive for more than 700 of the 1,000 miles. The start will be on Tuesday, March 13, and cars completing the distance should arrive at Bournemouth during the morning of Thursday, March 15, which means that two days and two nights will be spent on the road. The eliminating test will take place on Friday, March 16, but the conditions of this test will not be revealed to competitors until Thursday afternoon.

The idea of this is to prevent as far as possible any opportunities for practising, so as to equalize the chances of the various drivers. A starting test will be included and this, I understand, will be an easy one and will be carried out on the same day but prior to the eliminating test. The final day, Saturday, March 17, will be devoted to the Coachwork Competition for cars that have completed the road section of the rally. It will be divided into open cars, two-door closed cars, and four-door closed cars, and each of these classes will be subdivided into six further classes on a price basis.

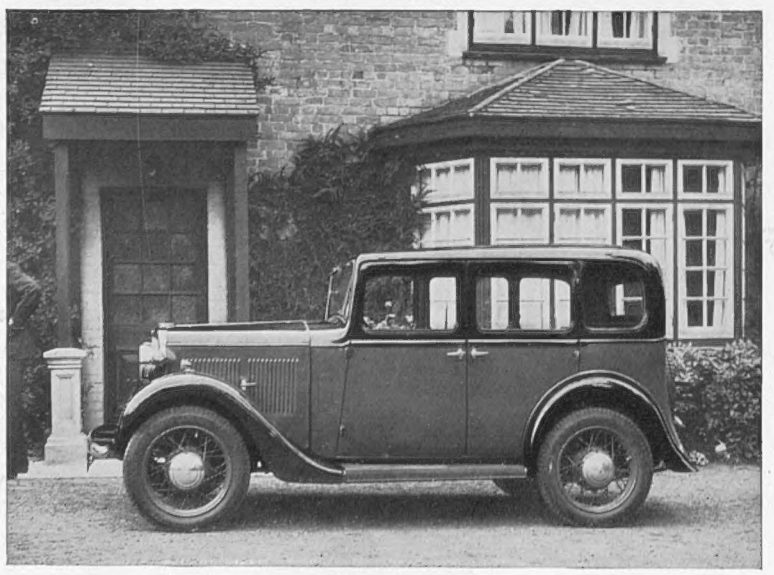
The Bournemouth Corporation is endeavouring to make the short stay of competitors at Bournemouth a happy one, for they are arranging a rally ball and other attractive entertainments. Full particulars of the rally and entry forms can be obtained from the Secretary of the R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, or from any R.A.C. branch office.



SEEKING THE PERFECT ROAD SURFACE: Searching experiments are being carried out by the Ministry of Transport on the Colnbrook by-pass, where a 500 yd. section is being laid down in surfaces

PERFECTION IN MINIATURE: A scale model of a single-seater racing Frazer-Nash capable of a speed of 10 m.p.h. This little racing car, accurate in every detail, was made by Mr. D. M. Dent, a well-known Brooklands driver

BOWED BUT UNBATTERED! A test carried out at Leicester with one of the new collision-proof refuge posts made of rubber. After this lorry had passed over it, the post sprang back to its normal position, neither sustaining nor causing any damage



AN OLD FAVOURITE IN A NEW GUISE: The 1934 Hillman Minx is notable for the new imposing appearance produced by the cross-bow curved radiator and long-skirted tail to the body. It is a worthy successor to last year's model which proved so amazingly popular

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Berlin.

At the Paris Offices of
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"
"THE SPHERE"
"THE SKETCH"
"THE TATLER"
"THE BYSTANDER"
"BRITANNIA and EVE"
"THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS"

65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIII^e, and at 32, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W. 15, regarding German business.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

FRANCE.

Beaulieu (A.M.) The Carlton.—Full south. Lge. sheltered gdn.—Winter terms fr. Frs. 40. Summer: Carlton Hotel, Le Touquet (C. du N.)

Hyeres.—The Golf Hotel.—On its famous links (18 holes). Tennis and Croquets. Inclusive rates from Frs. 65. C. Borgo, Manager.

CANNES.

Hotel Beau Site.—300 rooms with bath. 6 private tennis courts free. Beautiful grounds. Pullman Car to Golf and Casino.

Hotel du Parc.—Finest situation in large park facing sea. Patronised by best British society.

Hotel Suisse.—Family Hotel. Comfortable Garden leading to Croisette. Terms from Frs. 50.

MENTON.

Hotel Annonciata.—Sunniest, driest situation. unrivalled views, lovely garden, home cmforts., library, garage. Open all the yr. Sterling quotn.

Orient Hotel.—A most luxurious hotel at reasonable rates. 200 rooms. 100 baths. Arrangements from Frs. 50. Prop. L. Brunetti.

MENTON—*continued.*

Winter Palace.— High-class though inexpensive.

MONTE CARLO.

Hotel des Etrangers.—Sunny rooms with full pension from Frs. 40. Excellent food. Only 1st-class hotel including tax.

Royal Hotel.—All comforts. Full south; garden overlooking sea. Pension from Frs. 60.

Cap d'All (nr. Monte Carlo)—Eden Hotel. 200 rooms. On sea. 15 acres park. Tennis. Own Beach. Free 'bus to M.C. Pens. 65 fr. No Taxes.

NICE.

Terminus Hotel. Facing Station—Full South. Quite up-to-date.

SICILY.

Palermo.—Villa Igiea.—On the Sea Front. Large Park. Golf Links. Tennis. Orchestra. Pension 75 Lire.

Taormina.—San Domenico Palace.—Alone of its kind—former Dominican Monastery of the 14th Century. Pension from 75 Lire.

A TOILET ROLL

of

SUPERLATIVE QUALITY

and remarkable economy

Bronco is a modern refinement of a very homely article—fine, smooth and wonderfully soothing to the touch. Despite its superior quality, Bronco, in the long run, costs even less than the ordinary roll of coarse, harsh paper—*because it contains more than twice the number of sheets to the roll.* Is Bronco used in *your* home?

You can get Bronco from nearly all stores, stationers, grocers, chemists, etc.

Bronco
The De Luxe Toilet Paper

Solely Manufactured by
THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER Co., Ltd., LONDON, E. 9

Cuticura

The Secret of Many Healthy Skins the World Over

Is found in the regular use of the Soap to cleanse and protect the skin, the Ointment to heal any rash or pimple, the Talcum to complete the toilet. Pure and medicated, they will do much to make and keep your skin healthy.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists.
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d.

Preparations

Leather is cheaper if it's

BARTONIAN
—the inexpensive REAL MOROCCO for FURNITURE UPHOLSTERY
Obtainable at all high-class Furnishing Houses.
Sole Mfrs. CROTTY & POLSUE, 27-29 Berwick Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1

SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF *The Sphere*

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
AT HOME ...	£3 0s. 10d.	£1 10s. 5d.	15s. 3d.
CANADA ...	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 10s. 4d.	15s. 2d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	£3 9s. 6d.	£1 14s. 9d.	17s. 5d.

ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER OF *The Sphere*,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Please send me THE SPHERE *weekly for* _____ *months, commencing with the issue of* _____

for which I enclose _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Date _____ *1934*

Readers of

THE SPHERE

are invited to make use of the free facilities afforded by

The

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Advice to readers, for which no charge is made, is gladly given on all aspects of travel. Transportation by air, rail, sea or road, hotel accommodation, clothing and equipment—in short, advice and information upon any matter which merits prior consideration in connection with travel.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU, 346, STRAND, LONDON.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

BENGER'S Food
The ideal extra nourishment in advancing years.

331

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE PER COPY
2/6
(Postage 4d. extra)

Order with Remittance to be sent to—
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Ltd., 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Rhapsody in D major

Cupid makes a Trio out of a Duet in Two Sharps . . .

By George Froxfield

FIFTY YEARS AGO.
TRAVELLERS' TALES: *by Hannen Swaffer.* No. 1.—THE NEWSPAPER MAN.
"ON TRIAL": *by Owen Archer.*
HOLLYWOOD HAS THEM ALL! *by Margaret Chute.*
"THE TENTH TULWAR": *by Richard Oliver.*
"SOLARIUM" . . . *by May Edginton.*
"RHAPSODY IN D MAJOR": *by George Froxfield.*
"DEFEATING A TROPICAL HURRICANE": *by Harwood Steele.*
"MOVING WATER": *by H. T. W. Bousfield.*
"I AM A SPY" . . . *by Ferdinand Tuohy.*
"LOST LANDMARKS": *by Louis Kaye.*
THIRTY YEARS OF FLYING: *by Claude Grahame-White.*
BOOKS: *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer.*
OLD TALES Re-told: *Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.*
DO YOU DISLIKE —? *by Winifred Lewis.*
THE COMMON COLD.
THE RENEWAL OF YOUTH: *by "Chrysis."*
THE TRUTH ABOUT FURNITURE: *by Winifred Lewis.*
HOW TO KEEP *YOUR* BREAKFAST HOT.
KEEPING JACK FROST AT BAY: *by J. S. Bainbridge.*
"APPLE PORCH": *Eva Moore's charming house near Temple Golf Course, Maidenhead.*
SOME ADVANCE FASHIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR . . .
TRANSFORMING AN OLD LONDON HOUSE
B STANDS FOR BATHROOM.
THE BUSYBODY'S NOTEBOOK.
CAKES AND PASTRY FOR AFTERNOON PARTIES, ALSO EVENING PARTY SWEETS: *by A. H. Adair.*
OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER.
WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH.
AND NOW TO BED! *by Len Chaloner.*
THE MOTORING SECTION: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan.*

On a cold Mid-Winter's Night there's nothing to beat the Stories in

BRITANNIA AND EVE

THE NEW STYLE MAGAZINE — JAN. ISSUE ON SALE NOW

3312 P146

I CAME, I SAW, I CONQUERED—

Old Tales Re-told

Written and Illustrated by
F. MATANIA, R.I.

"This strange tale is not strange to you nor strange to me. It is common history to both of us; you, because you derive — for all your inevitable admixture of Latin, Saxon, Norman and Dane—from the Ancient Briton; I, because I spring — no matter how remotely — from the race of the Cæsars.

I cannot resist the temptation to present pictorially, instead of mythically, one or two aspects of that incredible clash of Roman steel on British flint which was to light such a candle that we live in its rays to-day; that clash whose heat was to fuse the Celtic and the Latin elements into that mystical compound which to-day rules half the world.

To-day one may see relics of that high civilisation of antiquity: the mosaics of St. Albans; the thermal springs of our spas; half the words in our very dictionaries—but what witness, save for a few dusty flints, remains of the Holy War waged by Ancient Britain against the invader? What token endures of the obstinate valour which gave Julius Cæsar, heading the undefeated legions of soon-to-be-imperial Rome, more food for military thought than even his colossal capacity could gladly relish?

But the victors themselves have left enough material to enable me to reconstruct an accurate close-up of those insuperably spirited warriors called by the culture of the Mediterranean *barbari* —those whose tongue sounded, to ears attuned to the cadence of the sonorous periods of the Classics, a mere babel of Bar-Bar-Bar — barbarians.

A great patriotism animated the Britons . . . "

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *January* 13, 1934. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.